THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 157 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · OCTOBER 23, 1943 NUMBER 17

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Published weekly and copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 18, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building.

The Shape of Things

SUCH ARE THE VAGARIES OF AMERICAN party politics that the Republicans are now in process of deciding whether to offer themselves in 1944 as a conservative check on the Administration or as the liberal opposition. From their conduct in Congress and in most of the Republican press it is reasonable to say that up to now they have grudgingly gone along with the President on foreign policy—and even admired his State Department—but found his domestic policies a plague imported straight from Moscow. Wendell Willkie thinks this approach to 1944 will prove fatal, and in his St. Louis speech, generally regarded as the opening gun of the campaign, he has taken exactly the opposite tack. He endorses a good many of the domestic social changes instituted under Roosevelt and in some respects he would carry them even farther. But the foreign policies of the Administration he condemns as "a black record" of failure. Its penchant for secrecy, he points out, its lack of confidence in the people, left the country ignorant of the need for both a bold policy of international cooperation and "a great armed force which would have stopped those marauders in their tracks." There can be no doubt that on this score at least Mr. Willkie has caught the Administration neatly on the flank, and if its elevation of "expediency" to the level of national policy can be set down as a political handicap, the country and the world will be the healthier for it. But if President Roosevelt feels obliged to kick his many liberal supporters at frequent intervals in order to keep the reactionary Democrats in line, what would Mr. Willkie have to do to his handful of liberals for the sake of appeasing a party machine long dedicated to toryism?

*

IN THE VIEW OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT as reflected in *Pravda*, official organ of the Russian Communist Party, joint military action must be given top priority on the agenda of the Moscow three-power conference. There is nothing surprising or alarming about this demand; nor is it inconsistent with the primarily political nature of the conference. Political and military strategy cannot be kept in separate compartments and there is no gainsaying *Pravda's* contention that "joint action to accelerate Hitler's defeat is an indispensable condition for the solution of all problems of post-war

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collaboration between the U. S. S. R., Britain, and the United States for the establishment of a firm peace." It is indispensable because the mutual confidence which must precede cooperation cannot be established while Russia harbors a suspicion that the invasion of Western Europe is being delayed by political considerations. It will be the first task of Mr. Hull and Mr. Eden to try to eradicate this suspicion. At the same time the Soviet government can also contribute to the creation of confidence, and it must be admitted that *Pravda's* dictum that "the Soviet borders cannot be a subject of discussion any more than the borders of the United States" is not helpful. After all, the enlargement of Soviet territory to include the Baltic states and eastern Poland is a direct consequence of the present war. If the Soviets insist that this is a matter of security and solely their own affair, the United States and Britain will be encouraged to provide for their security in a similar manner.

✶

OBVIOUSLY RUSSIA'S BOUNDARIES WOULD BE no proper subject of discussion if the United States were planning to play a lone hand after the war. The resolution reported by the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee is probably timed to convince Premier Stalin that we harbor no such fantastic thought. Otherwise it is difficult to understand why after seven months of thought eight Senatorial experts should emerge at this moment with a formula so obviously underdone. Expected to be thinner than the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill proposal, the subcommittee's resolution is even weaker than the unexciting Fulbright measure. It would favor this country's joining with other "sovereign" states in establishing and maintaining an "international authority with power to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world." "Sovereign" in isolationist jargon is a word which may be used almost interchangeably with "irresponsible," and we wish there were just a hint as to the nature of the "power" to be invoked by the international authority. But Senator Connally solemnly assures us that this "is the best possible action that could be secured," since "unity and harmony are vital if the Senate is to pass a resolution by a substantial majority." The plain truth is that neither the Senate leadership nor the Administration has been eager to get down to cases. Intimidated by a handful of Senators, they have preferred to tiptoe around the crucial issue of the century lest the Nyes and the Wheelers exercise their privilege of insulting our allies in the course of debate. But the Nyes cannot be placated. Better to challenge them now and beat them than to have them permanently lying in ambush.

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THE SMASHING RAID ON RABAUL, THE MAIN Japanese base in the southwest Pacific, is one of the fruits of the painfully won jungle victories of General MacArthur's forces. The capture of Lae and Salamaua in New Guinea, the consolidation of the allied position in the central Solomons, and the occupation of the Woodlark and Trobriand islands exposed Rabaul to attack from three directions. General MacArthur was thus able to concentrate his full air strength on this major objective, as he had previously done at Wewak, and to achieve a victory which, it is claimed, establishes definite allied mastery in the air over the Solomons Sea and adjacent islands. It does not follow, however, as a UP correspondent at MacArthur's headquarters has suggested, that this success is "calculated to make sponsors of alternative strategies reconsider the claims of the southwest Pacific for a prominent role in the offensive against Japan." It is difficult to see how an offensive in this area, even with much bigger forces than are now available, can pursue any other tactics than the "island-hopping" which General MacArthur has himself condemned. True, he is credited with a plan for moving an invasion force by sea and air direct to the southern Philippines—a distance of 1,650 miles from New Guinea. This would involve sending a huge armada through a maze of narrow waters and past numerous islands in enemy occupation. Such a strategic conception fails to recognize, it seems to us, that the key to the defeat of Japan is not the capture of outposts or the reconquest of lost territories; it is the severance of its jugular vein, the destruction of its fleet. Our naval strength in the central Pacific is probably now equal to this task and recent moves in that arena suggest that Admiral Nimitz is maneuvering to force the Japanese to give battle.

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THE *SATURDAY EVENING POST* WANTS TO know whether "some of our anti-fascists" would "rather lick Hull than the Axis." For our part, the answer is as simple as the question is dishonest, to wit, No. What follows? That we should keep quiet and have absolute faith in our policy-makers. But where does this leave the editors of the *Post,* who have been known to say some sweepingly unlovely things about the President of the United States, in war as well as in peace? Does it mean that they would rather lick Roosevelt than win the war? We hardly think so. In any event we won't raise the issue if in return the *Post's* editors will spend a week in sackcloth for the most distorted piece of copy to appear outside the paranoiac press in many a month. Here is a brace of samples: "The State Department is supposed to be up to some underhanded business, but when it turns out that the business is the unconditional surrender of Italy there are no apologies from the left wing"; and "had the United States been invaded instead of France, the statesmen of our Allies would be 'appeasers' and 'cynical conspirators' [in the eyes of the liberals] unless they plumped for Earl Browder." Once and for all, we do not oppose taking a surrender from the devil himself or even from Hitler. What we do oppose is the theory

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that a criminal who turns state's evidence is entitled to mount the bench. The reference to Browder implies a belief that the rescuers of a defeated America would either have to collaborate with fascist turncoats or work with Communists. We can't speak for the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post,* but wouldn't there be millions of other Americans who could be dealt with just as democrats? That's all we ask in the case of Europe.

Global Gossip

WE ARE not among those who deplore any criticism between allies. Disagreements are inevitable in the course of any great joint undertaking, and frank speaking is far preferable to the accumulation of suppressed grievances, leading to eventual eruptions of bad temper. But if criticisms of one ally by another are to be healthy they ought to be factual and without malice.

Of the five Senators whose variegated reports of their journey round the world in sixty days have started so much controversy, we think we can acquit three as free from malice. Senators Mead and Russell have been stalwart supporters of the Administration, and Senator Brewster of Maine has fought the isolationists in his own party. Senators Lodge and Chandler are horses of another color. About the former we had something to say last week, and we need only add that the New York *Daily News* in a laudatory editorial credits him with the ambition to repeat his grandfather's "triumph" in 1919. Mr. Chandler made himself into a military expert a few months ago and set out to revise our global strategy. He has now elected to grind the McCormick-Patterson-Hearst axis, and his rhetoric is wholly unrelated to facts.

It is disappointing, however, to find that his three more responsible colleagues should not have been more careful both in checking their data and in their manner of presenting it. Take the question of air bases, for instance. Senator Brewster, after complaining that the British and other allies had given us no permanent rights in the airfields we have built abroad for war purposes, said: "There isn't a spot outside this hemisphere where we can land after this war." This suggests that the British have rejected some proposal we had made, though, in fact, this question is involved in negotiations now in progress concerning the basis on which international civil aviation shall be controlled after the war. There is no reason to suppose that the British would reject the general principle of reciprocity permitting American planes to use bases in their territory to the extent we permit British planes to use bases under our control. The traveling Senators, however, do not appear to have considered an arrangement of this nature. The implication of their statements is rather that these bases should be at our disposal unconditionally. That this suggestion might appear to the British and other of our allies as an effort to use lend-lease to secure a post-war air monopoly does not seem to have occurred to them.

Another statement by the Senators was that "the U. S. A., which possesses only 2 per cent of the world's petroleum reserves, is supplying 65 per cent of the oil used for the war." This implies again a British hold-out, but relevant facts which the Senators did not trouble to acquire or report tell a different story. Before the war the United States supplied 60 per cent of the world's oil consumption, and since then important foreign fields have fallen into enemy hands. Oil reserves are not much use for war purposes unless the necessary equipment can be made available. The capacity of refineries in the Near East and India combined is less than 7 per cent of those in the Western Hemisphere. Are we willing to knock down some of our newly constructed high-octane gasoline plants for shipment to British-controlled fields? We doubt that such a proposal would be popular with the oil corporations.

If as a consequence of the debate on the Senators' report a wider real knowledge of the situations on which they commented can be made known, it may be, as Mr. Roosevelt suggested, that more good than harm will result. The difficulty is that corrections and amplifications seldom catch up with an original misleading statement. The global gossip which the Senators brought home has received the publicity and has sunk into the public consciousness, where it serves as a culture in which the bacterial poisons distributed by the America Firsters thrive. The danger now is not isolationism as such, for only a dwindling minority believe that America can withdraw from the world again. But a growing inclination toward internationalism could be perverted into a nationalist imperialism. That is the objective toward which the men of malice are steering. The men of goodwill should not play into their hands.

Absolution for Franco

IT WOULD be nice to think that Archbishop Spellman's contribution to last week's *Collier's* was nothing more than a personal report from a traveling son to his father. If it were that and only that, its blatant inaccuracies and its open support of Franco's regime would be unimportant. But at a moment like this, their political nature is evident. Such letters would not appear at all if they did not seem useful to the makers of policy. The Archbishop undertook his trip "to see the war-zone chaplains" with the blessing and consent of the President. His report is published just at the time when Salazar has opened Portugal's island bases to Britain and at the start of an intensive allied propaganda offensive in Spain. Under such circumstances the Archbishop's letters and his

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visits to Franco and the Vatican become political acts of first-rate significance.

His comments must be examined and answered. And we hope that *Collier's,* which has printed much able and honest reporting from every fighting front, will at least publish a correction of a story it should never have accepted in the first place. If it fails to do so, its reputation will be seriously damaged among informed Americans.

The easiest way to answer Spellman is to cite errors rather than marshal arguments. We shall do so in order of their appearance, not of their importance.

> The Ambassador [Mr. Hayes] and I drove to the "University City" and saw the tremendous damage caused by the civil war. . . . It is amazing and depressing to see the damage wrought by the violence of battle in which fifty thousand people perished in the city of Madrid.

In his amazement and depression the Archbishop ignores the fact—as he does throughout the article—that the damage and death were the result of a struggle launched by fascist rebels attempting to overthrow the legitimate, elected government of Spain.

> *Generalissimo Franco is in the middle of all. Some* are favorable to him, some opposed; some partly favorable, some partly opposed. Most of the people whom I met in Madrid are supporters of Franco.

Of the last item we can be quite sure. But if he had escaped from his clerical or fascist hosts, the Archbishop could also have met in Madrid many Catholics who were not and are not supporters of Franco; he might even have met some of the relatives of the Catholic priests, mostly Basques, who were killed by Franco's police and soldiers. During the war and even after it, the influential French Catholic newspaper, *L'Aube,* regularly published lists giving the full names of all the Catholic priests who had been executed or imprisoned by Franco, so Archbishop Spellman could easily check the reports of interested persons in Spain.

> A word equivocally used in Spain and America is "Loyalist." The term is very impressive. Anyone would instinctively give sympathy and support to a group claiming to be "Loyalists." However, other Spaniards do not call them "Loyalists." They call them "Communists." It was this group of Loyalists or Communists that assumed power in Spain at the time when King Alfonso XIII fled.

This is one of the most blatant pieces of misinformation in the whole article. The Loyalists were called Loyalists because they were loyal to the elected government of Spain. They were called Communists by Franco's rebels and by reactionaries and fascists in other countries. But quite aside from labels, it was not "this group of Communists or Loyalists" that "assumed" power when Alfonso abdicated. The Monarchy was overthrown and the Republic proclaimed as the result of democratic elections on April 12, 1931. The provisional government was headed by the conservative Republican, Senor Niceto Alcala Zamora, who had served as minister in various cabinets under King Alfonso.

The president of the Republic following Zamora was Manuel Azaña—hardly a Communist.

> General Franco's supporters maintain that the general would have assumed control over Spain if international legionnaires had not come to the aid of the Loyalists. Then Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy sent help to Franco.

Franco *did* assume control over Spain. But sequence of events has been exactly reversed in the two sentences above. Germany and Italy sent help to Franco at the very start of the rebellion, long before the appearance of the International Brigade or any other material aid on the Loyalist side.

> In Madrid alone, they (the Republican-Loyalist-Communist coalition) killed seven hundred priests; *eleven Spanish bishops throughout the country perished.*

For centuries the church in Spain has been one of the most powerful political and economic forces on the side of reaction. Popular resentment against the clergy resulted in many acts of lawlessness at the start of the civil war; and while the Archbishop's figures may be questioned, many priests were undoubtedly killed, in Madrid and elsewhere. It is true, too, that in the days following Franco's violent attack on the government innocent people were shot. That is one of the most horrible aspects of civil war. Franco might have thought about it before he started the rebellion. But if this story is to be told again, should not a strictly accurate reporter even mention the thousands of civilians slaughtered in the Rebel zone by Franco's troops and Franco's police and by the Moors? Should he not recall Badajoz? Spellman comments on the "thousands of Spaniards" cast into prison when Franco finally took power in 1939. But this casual reference throws an even more glaring light on his omission of the horrors perpetrated by Franco during the war itself, and the execution of thousands of prisoners since the war ended.

> My impressions of him [Franco] are in accordance with his reputation as a very sincere, serious, and intelligent man. . . . Whatever criticism had been made of General Franco . . . I cannot doubt that he is a man loyal to his God, devoted to his country's welfare, and definitely willing to sacrifice himself in any capacity and to any extent for Spain.

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Presumably willingness to sacrifice himself accounts for Franco's ready acceptance of the role of Axis stooge which he filled without flinching as long as Hitler's enterprises were relatively solvent. As for the Archbishop's conviction of his sincerity, loyalty to God, and so forth, it should be laid side by side with Franco's record, first as a fascist rebel and second as a fascist terrorist.

Archbishop Spellman admits that he has not written all his thoughts or described all he saw. For example he mentions the fact that he and Franco chatted about a great variety of political subjects and "even ventured a few thoughts about the future." He excuses his reticence by quoting Cardinal Gaspari's remark, when he declined to write his memoirs: "The interesting things I cannot tell, and the things which I can tell are not interesting." The things the Archbishop willingly tells are interesting enough to make one wonder about the things he has deliberately suppressed.

But today, when fascists are being rapidly renovated and turned into Allies, the job the American cleric has done on Franco is not to be despised. He has given him public absolution for his sins. He has drawn a veil of vague and unctuous piety over the ugly truth of the regime in Spain. Is this what the President wanted?

F. K.

Traitors Cannot Lead

BY RANDOLFO PACCIARDI

IN HIS speech to the House of Commons, Prime Minister Churchill, after defending the King of Italy and his Minister Badoglio, exhorted Italian anti-fascists to gather round this government and to postpone the resolution of political questions until the end of the war. Mr. Berle, Assistant Secretary of State, has made the same recommendation in the name of the President.

Meanwhile the United Nations have accepted the King of Italy and his government as co-belligerents. In declaring war on Germany Badoglio assumed responsibility for submitting his government to the judgment of the Italian people after the Nazis had been expelled from Italy. And America, England, and the Soviet Union, in their official pronouncement, took their share of responsibility. "The three governments," they stated, "acknowledge the Italian government's pledge to submit to the will of the Italian people after the Germans have been driven from Italy, and it is understood that nothing can detract from the absolute and untrammeled right of the people of Italy by constitutional means to decide on the democratic form of government they will eventually have."

The English government has already publicly affirmed that the colonial empire of Italy is lost, but as far as the national territory of Italy is concerned, the Allies have refused any responsibility whatsoever. In other words, "co-belligerency" does not imply that Italy can escape the consequences of the war and of the surrender. There was merely a vague hint that these consequences might be softened in the measure that the Allies are aided by Italian arms.

The Allies recognize a legal government in Italy, that of Marshal Badoglio, who derives his authority from the King. We still do not know whether AMG will be abolished in every part of Italy as a result of the recognition of the Italian government.

The Italians have been called upon to fight as if their help was to be regarded as atonement for their sins rather than cooperation. Any hopes for the future are based on uncertainty. Their only certainty is that of fighting on the orders of a despised and corrupt regime, the first cause of all their misfortunes.

In comparison to King Victor and Badoglio, Pétain and Darlan were angels. They were allies that surrendered to the enemy. It was weak and wrong. But they warned the English before they laid down their arms. They signed an armistice saving all that could be saved. They ordered the fleet scuttled rather than have it fall into the hands of the Germans. Darlan then turned to the Allies when he saw a hope of victory on that side.

The King of Italy first betrayed the Italian people, violating his oath, then called Mussolini into power. After the assassination of Matteoti, he repulsed all demands to get rid of the dictator. In his name, thousands were imprisoned and exiled. He declared war on Abyssinia, putting himself on the pinnacle of emperorship. He signed the alliance with Germany. He sent his son Umberto to command the troops that gave France "the stab in the back." Only when the fortunes of war took a turn for the worst did he betray Hitler and rally to the side of the winners.

Badoglio accepted the title of Duke of Addis Ababa. He was the head of the general staff in Mussolini's government. He signed all military agreements with Hitler's generals. He led Italy's army to its surrender and dishonor. Now he changes colors not for the nation's interest but for the sake of a dynasty of which he is a slave and an instrument.

Is it possible that these people, these institutions, these flags represent the symbols and ideals of a nation that wants to rise again from the abyss of misery and martyrdom? Is it possible that these are the most useful and most trustworthy in the great fight for national liberation?

They tell us that the Italian people will have the "untrammeled right" to choose their own form of government. By constitutional means! What constitution? Evidently the Italian constitution of 1848, already betrayed by the King. But the Italian constitution is a monarchial constitution. To instal a democratic republic

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in Italy after the war it will be necessary either to elect a constitutional assembly or have a revolution. But to elect a constitutional assembly it is first necessary to suspend the King's functions, as AMG did in Sicily.

Morally and politically the new regime offers to the future liberty of the Italian people fewer guaranties and poorer hopes than the AMG does.

We anti-fascist Italians want to fight the Germans. If we are given no other choice than to fight the Nazis and fascists under the flag of Savoy, it means that the democratic powers have deliberately renounced Italian anti-fascists as their allies. Yet they are the only ones who can arouse the whole of Italy against the Germans.

For two years now I have been trying to enter the "war against fascism" with several thousand volunteers. All my attempts have so far been repulsed.

Britain Between the Acts

III. WORKERS ON THE CLYDE

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

HUNTING shop stewards in Glasgow is a sport calling for patience and a good guide. It doesn't require any particular skill, for shop stewards are not shy creatures; but they seem to have no fixed habitat. Willie is a wonderful guide; no one knows better the ways of shop stewards or where to locate them. But even Willie couldn't produce one on order. It took a whole afternoon, cruising about the streets along the Clydebank, to flush two suitable specimens.

Nowhere else on earth, I suppose, is so much industrial activity packed into so small a space of river and shore. On one side of the river is the city; the hills are on the other; between is a forest of cranes, masts, gun turrets, funnels, scaffolding, and tall factory chimneys. That forest is the Clydebank. The narrow river is a highway jammed with traffic. Patrols guard the gate to every dock and shipyard.

The concentration of human effort is as great as that of material. The shipyards and factories—with very few exceptions—work all day and all night. The length of shifts varies with the kind of work done. But the pressure on labor is terrific, and I heard no complaints. Nor did I hear the least grumble over the weary hours spent, after work and before, standing in queues waiting for buses or trains to and from the plants and in other queues outside the shops waiting to buy the daily ration of greens and groceries. It's a tough life in Glasgow as in every industrial town. But the only complaints made in my presence were occasioned not by too much work but by a sudden reduction of hours in one of the big munition plants.

I wanted to get as close as I could to the feeling of the Clydeside workers. They suffered more than most during the depression, when the plants and yards were as silent and dead as they are now roaring with activity. Today the men are drawing good pay and working overtime, but they haven't forgotten the years of idleness. ("Idleset," they call it in Glasgow, and, strangely, I found no Englishman who had even heard the word.) Like the rest of British labor they are wholly committed to the war; but the conflicts of interest and emotion that assail them in these days of change are very acute.

One of the best quick ways to find out what workers anywhere are thinking is to talk to the shop stewards. For these men—or occasionally women—directly represent the workers inside the plants. They handle grievances and deal with the management; far more than any union officials they know the minds of their fellow-workers. Many of them, by reason of their ability and standing, are also elected to the joint production committees. A shop steward who happens also to serve on a production committee is a man who knows his plant through and through.

WILLIE'S BROTHER

I drove down to the Clydebank with Sheila Mackay, local officer of the Ministry of Information. She had been in New York last year and lunched with *The Nation* staff. And she knew what I wanted. We were to meet her friend Willie and a shop-steward friend of his at a certain street corner near a certain bridge. Willie was there with another young man, but it wasn't the shop steward. "Heaven knows where he's strayed," said Willie. "He'd on his best Sunday clothes for a visit with Miss Kirchwey. But I fear he's mistaken the place and gone on into Glasgow." "Shall we drive back to town and look for him?" asked Miss Mackay. "No use," said Willie. "More likely he'll show up here later on. What you'd better do is drive around a bit and see things and then come back. I'll stay and keep an eye out for him. This young fellow is my brother; he'll go along with you and you can ask him questions. He works in the —— shipyard."

I wouldn't have missed Willie's brother. He is amiable

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and attractive, with bright red hair and a bright pink face. And he served as a useful reminder that even on the banks of the Clyde—as in Kansas City or Detroit—young workers may be more concerned with the sporting page and girls than with the deeper problems of the working class. He stoutly disavowed any political opinions or any interest in politics; but he told us how easy and pleasant it is, on Sunday, to get out of Glasgow into the beautiful Lowland hills. He said he had recently been laid off by one of the big munitions plants "for good and sufficient reasons" and had been shifted to unskilled work in a shipyard building invasion barges. It was a job that anybody could do, even a woman, and his skill, he assured us, was being definitely wasted. He didn't care particularly, but he thought the government, if it knew its business, would end his deferment and put him in the army.

His friends, said Willie's brother, were not much concerned with politics either. They want to win the war, and after the war they want their jobs to keep on. Any government that sees to that will look all right to them. But they don't think "old Winston" can keep the plants running. Who can? I asked. A Labor government? He shrugged his shoulders. He seemed a little bored with all this talk; and anyhow it was time now to go back and see whether that shop steward had turned up. He looked rather anxiously at his watch.

"Shall we drive you back with us?" asked Miss Mackay. Willie's brother grinned. "I'd prefer it if you'd set me down at my club. It's not a step out of your way." Following his directions, we drove up to the closed door of a nearby pub. "It'll be opening in another two minutes," he said happily. One could understand his sudden interest in getting us back to Willie on time.

We drove to the appointed meeting place by the "canawl bridge," and there stood Willie with a man at his side. "He's not the one," said Willie, "but he's another one. Happen I'll find the original candidate later on."

"VERRA LEFT"

The shop steward in hand was a good substitute. He worked in a gun factory, but he'd been a shipyard worker and many other things in the course of his life. He was lean and hard-bitten; his eyes were cynical. He'd been in the labor movement all his working years—an active fighter and, I'm sure, a tough one. "What's the mood of the workers?" I asked him. I was still under the spell of the beer-and-skittles philosophy of Willie's brother. "Well, we're known as reds," he said. "And everybody who's *anything* around here is left—verra left. That's a fact. But at the same time there's a lot of fellows—and a lot of the new women workers in the factories—that take no interest in politics or the labor movement. You have to remember one thing—and it's a thing people are apt to overlook. The workers here, and all about Glasgow, have jobs for the first time in years. The depression never lifted on the Clydebank—not until the war came. Many of the younger fellows *had never worked in their lives.*" He underlined the words with his voice. "This time is the best time they've known. We have to have a world war, it seems, to make life worth living in these parts. You can see what this does to the men. They'll be satisfied with what they have as long as they have it. But wait," he said, "wait till the jobs begin to slip out from under."

I asked him about the political position of the workers who were active in the movement. He said that while few of them, relatively, were Communist Party members, they saw little hope in the old parties and leaders. "This is a time of waiting," he said. "The party truce and the war itself have put a damper on politics. But don't imagine it will last. The workers here and all over Britain pin great hopes on Russia. Even the least political among them. If the government turned against Russia, then these men would wake up. It was the Clydebank that stopped the shipments of arms to Kolchak in 1920. They'd do that again if there was need after this war. They'd do the same if the government tried to prevent revolution in Spain. They've seen what came of letting the fascists take power there, and they won't stand for another piece of 'non-intervention' of the same sort."

I felt somewhat dubious of this line of prophecy, but later, when I'd talked to other labor men in other parts of the country, my doubts largely disappeared. There wasn't a single one who failed to discuss foreign developments, either criticizing the government's policy directly or criticizing the Prime Minister for following the lead of the United States. It is hard for an American, accustomed to the detached attitude of labor in this country, to realize how close the workers of Britain feel to the fate of their brothers on the Continent.

The shop steward answered a question that revealed my doubt. "You have to remember that this is not the time for action. We're still fighting the bloody war. But that doesn't stop men talking about how things are going. And I tell you the active unionists, the workers who know what this war is about, they follow what's happening in Europe. They're suspecting a big sell-out of the common people all over Europe. And the countries they are watching are Russia and Spain. They have a special strong feeling about those two countries; they've come to be a kind of test. I hope you won't run away with the idea that it's only Communists that feel like this, for that's not the case. It's the general attitude. And you can look for trouble if the government tries to sell out Spain or Russia again."

"But if the workers don't trust any of the parties or their own leaders, who's to organize the feeling you speak of—how will it be put to work?"

"Don't worry about that. Trouble breeds its own

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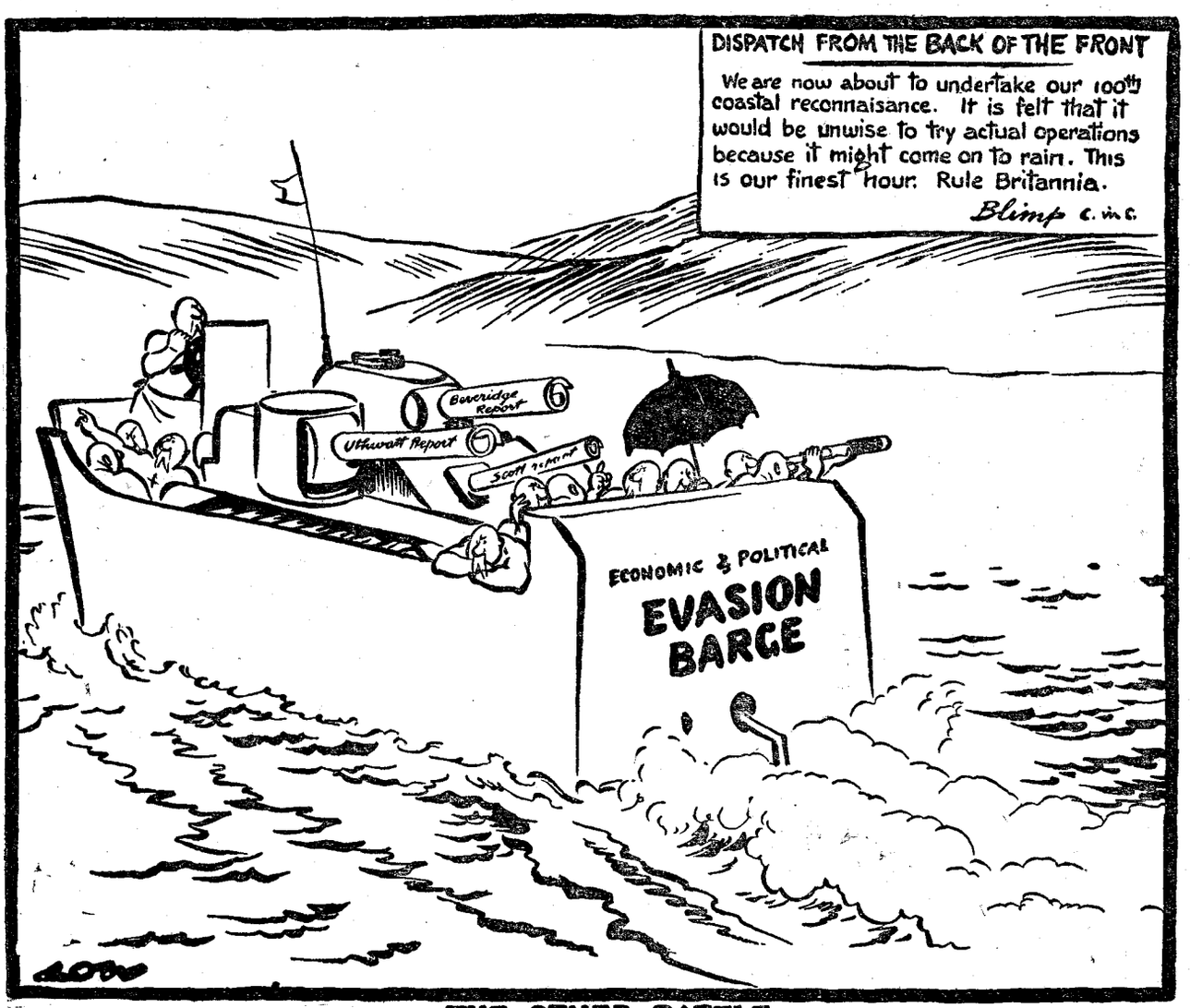
leaders. After the last war the same thing happened. It was the shop stewards that provided leadership when the trades unions and the Labor Party failed the men. They'll do it again if necessary. They or others.

"And it's not only an emotional issue like Russia or revolution in Europe that could rouse the workers. There are plenty of likely chances of trouble right here—issues that touch their daily lives very close. If they're idle after the war orders stop, then they'll begin to think about who's running the country. Already we're getting hints of what's to come."

The shop steward pulled out of his pocket the report of a production-committee meeting at his plant. He was a member of the committee. The plant was changing from two twelve-hour shifts to two eight-hour shifts, and several hundred workers had been laid off. There had been overproduction of certain kinds of guns; so the management claimed at the meeting. He was dubious; you never knew if they were giving the real reasons. It might be that or it might be a shortage of shipping or a lack of raw materials. Anyhow, if the reason was actually overproduction, the workers' representatives on the committee argued that they should be making other things—other arms, or if arms were not needed, they should begin to shift over to peace-time production. "God knows, we need everything in this battered, worn-down country," said the shop steward.

But what really disturbed him was the light this incident threw on the role of the joint production committee in his plant. During most of the period of rising production, when the problem was to get more guns out of every hour, every machine, and every worker, the committee seemed to play a real part. The management took it seriously. It discussed labor and time-saving techniques; it considered ideas contributed by the employees. And it helped to make the workers understand the war itself and their part in it. Certainly the existence of the committee had made for better relations between the management and labor; and he himself had felt at one stage that it might, as Sir Stafford Cripps always said, become a step in the direction of plant democracy, a way of drawing labor into the actual process of management. But gradually he'd come to doubt the value of the production committees, except as a war-time measure, to be scrapped when the need for war goods ended. And now he was profoundly disillusioned with them, and so, he


DISPATCH FROM THE BACK OF THE FRONT
We are now about to undertake our 100th coastal reconnaisance. It is felt that it would be unwise to try actual operations because it might come on to rain. This is our finest hour. Rule Britannia.
Blimp c. in c.
Beveridge Report
Uthwatt Report
ECONOMIC & POLITICAL
EVASION
BARGE

THE OTHER BATTLE

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said, were the other labor members of the committee in his plant. "They're a speed-up device; that's all they are," he said. "When it comes to other problems, we have no power. No power whatsoever. They don't even bother to tell us what's going on."

We left the shop steward on the corner where we found him. And then, driving through a certain street, Willie caught sight of his friend, the "original candidate." He was coming out of a meeting-hall near a church. We picked him up and then set Willie down at *his* favorite pub. He had done his duty by us, and now he too was ready to knock off.

THE WORKERS AND "WINSTON"

Shop steward number 2 was less cynical than the first one but very cool and realistic. I won't repeat all he said, for most of it was the same as what the other man had told me. He too said the workers supported the government as a war government. "But we all know Winston is a reactionary and an imperialist. You have to back him now but you'll have to sack him after." The Labor ministers have done a good enough job, but it remains to be seen whether they'll remember they're Labor men when the war ends. He thought they'd "never give up their jobs."

He liked to argue with Willie and the other fellows about communism and the war and what would come after it. Many of them expected a collapse, but he was inclined to think that business would try to keep production going and prevent the blow-up that's sure to come if millions are thrown out of work. They'll have to pay high to do it, but "they may figure if they can spend £13,000,000 a day for the war and still make money, they can pay a fraction of that to hold power after the war." But on the other hand they might boggle at continued high taxes and government controls and huge expenditures on public works and social insurance. If that happens, there will be trouble. "The one thing the workers in this country will not stand for again is another spell of idleness and the dole." Willie's friend, like the first shop steward, said that the war, with all its hardships and losses, had been the best period hundreds of thousands of workers had ever known. Both predicted "trouble" if mass unemployment returned. Neither knew what form the trouble would take or what parties or men would assume direction. Both expressed distrust of the present leaders of the Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress.

I talked to many other men and women in and around Glasgow, and even those whose views differed most strongly from those of the two men quoted in this article agreed that in the main their report of the attitude of the average worker on the Clyde was accurate.

[*In a fourth article, to appear next week, Miss Kirchwey will describe her visit to one of the great airplane-engine plants.*]

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE SIGNS OF WAR in Europe continue to increase in number and magnitude. The impression that there is some secret arrangement between France and Russia continues to gain ground. The Prussians are constructing tremendous ironclad forts or gunboats for the protection of the Rhine.—*October 1, 1868.*

OF PERHAPS MORE IMPORTANCE than the political news from abroad is the news from Scotland in regard to the new "road-steamers." . . . Why should not men keep their own locomotive and engineer, as men now keep horses and coachmen? We may soon be able to laugh at the railroad corporations and the expected velocipedestrians, especially if Ericsson succeeds in his scheme for turning the sun into fuel for steam engines, and we are made independent of coal.—*October 1, 1868.*

THERE IS AN INSTITUTION widely spread throughout Russia, and of a distant, unknown antiquity, which is in a certain sense the prototype of all the cooperative associations which have of late years sprung up in Western Europe. This is the *artel,* . . . a society of artisans, porters, drivers, clerks, village workmen, etc., formed for the purpose of maintaining a common treasury, and generally of keeping a common table and lodging, very often for common work, or at least to receive work, through the common guaranty of the whole society for the honesty of each individual member. That such an institution should have immemorially existed in Russia shows, on one hand, the simple conditions of life in that country and the comparatively limited wants of its people, and, on the other, the practical mind of that people, which in the very earliest times succeeded in finding the true remedy, which the workmen of the West have been so many years vainly seeking, against accidents of trade, and the true method of developing the working class.—*October 8, 1868.*

ON TODAY WEEK, at Pine Bluff, in Arkansas, the deputy sheriff of Drew County, a Republican, was tied to a Negro and both were killed at one shot. "A carpetbag deputy slain in Arkansas," the *World* says. . . . In the Carolinas there are two partisan murders reported as having occurred within the week. On the afternoon of Friday, in broad daylight, a colored Senator standing on the platform of a railroad car, in Abbeville district, was killed by three men who coolly rode up to the train and shot him. "The murderers were not recognized." In the same district a white member of the House of Representatives was killed by a disguised party. . . . He was what is called a "scallawag"—being a native Southerner, and not Democratic in his political opinions.—*October 22, 1868.*

"LITTLE WOMEN; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy." By Louisa M. Alcott. Illustrated by May Alcott. . . . Miss Alcott's new juvenile is an agreeable little story which is not only very well adapted to the readers for whom it is especially intended but may also be read with pleasure by older people.—*October 22, 1868.*

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Financing America's Future

III. "NOTHING TO FEAR BUT FEAR" *

BY STUART CHASE

THE SEVEN FEARS

AMONG the forces which have hitherto prevented an economy of plenty from steadily delivering the goods in peace time are seven great fears. Few of us are free from them, though old people suffer more than young people, well-to-do people more than poor people. These fears are mostly in abeyance now, but they may come back to haunt us after Demobilization Day.

Each of the fears is, or has been, legitimate. But when they fill our minds, they paralyze any positive action. If they were filling our minds now, we could not fight the war. If they fill our minds after the war, we cannot win the peace. We shall be too frightened to act decisively. We shall shut our eyes and hope for normalcy to save us, though normalcy is as dead as Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Here is a list of the seven fears, together with some answers to them. They have been in the back of my mind all the time I have been writing these articles.

1. *The Fear of Inflation.* Many citizens, especially those on fixed salaries and incomes, are afraid that government underwriting of employment in peace time will result in runaway prices that will reduce their scale of living, wipe out their insurance policies, render their savings valueless. They are haunted by the picture of the terrible German inflation of 1923.

If the government recklessly printed money to put the unemployed to work at tasks which created no new wealth, and kept on doing it, this fear would be realized. Kings and rulers have caused inflation thus in the past. But our knowledge of the dollar circuit now makes it clear that there can be no general inflation until full employment is reached. Meanwhile the war is teaching governments how to control inflation at the level of full employment. Shall we discard this knowledge and permit inflation to have its head—if indeed inflation rather than deflation is the immediate post-war danger? I cannot believe we are going to be as unrealistic as that. I doubt that those citizens who would like to scrap all war controls on D-Day are going to press their demands very hard when they realize what a resulting inflation might do to their own pocket-books.

2. *The Fear of a Crushing National Debt.* People know that when their personal debts grow large enough they are forced into bankruptcy. They identify the public debt with their own, and lie awake nights worrying about national bankruptcy. Right now they are too busy worrying about ration books and boys abroad to give much attention to the public debt, but many of them look forward to worrying about it when they have the time.

This fear is largely groundless. Great nations do not go bankrupt in the way a person or business does, for the debt they owe is to themselves. The chief dangers in a mounting debt are two: it may pump too many dollars into the system and thus stimulate inflation; it may cause trouble in the internal distribution of income by favoring the upper brackets against the lower. It is possible to control both dangers by a vigorous and well-planned use of taxes. If the price level is kept under control, the public debt can be a great reservoir for public investment.

3. *The Fear of Bureaucracy.* If the government becomes responsible for full employment and social security, many citizens are afraid that a huge permanent staff of office holders will come to regiment us day and night, and gradually destroy our liberties. They fear the thin entering wedge which will bring complete government ownership. Once we start on this road, they are afraid that the end is Moscow.

This fear is perfectly legitimate. But people tend to make an absolute of it, as if they lived in a timeless world, not the actual world of 1943 to 1950. It is up to us to evolve a compensatory economy which will *reduce* the bureaucracy, regimentation, and restraints on liberties from which we are already suffering in the war—a post-war economy with controls at the minimum consistent with full employment. The alternatives, I suspect, are those "rigid state controls at every point" which Sir George Schuster warned against.

If you fear Bureaucracy in the abstract, with a capital B, do not forget that the Telephone Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, have problems in bureaucracy very similar to those of the Post Office Department. It is impossible to operate any large modern organization without bureaus, clerks, and officials.

4. *The Fear of Paternalism.* If government embarks on a welfare economy, it is feared that citizens will be so coddled and spoon-fed that they will lose their character and initiative. They will become soft and lazy, easy prey to tougher nations.

* Based on a chapter from the author's forthcoming report to the Twentieth Century Fund, to be published this fall under the title, "Where's the Money Coming From? Problems of Post-War Finance."

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The Germans have a comprehensive system of social curity which goes back to Bismarck. Yet German sol-ers are said to be tough. New Zealanders also have had welfare economy for many years. They were found to even tougher than the Nazis when they helped to sh Rommel out of Egypt. I have never seen convincing idence that putting an economic base under the com-unity weakens moral fiber, and I could cite plenty of idence that the lack of it does. Modern slums are itorious breeding grounds for disease, degeneracy, and ime. There would, of course, be danger in giving hand-its to the able-bodied without requiring useful work om them. A program for full employment will have be specifically designed to balance rights against ities.

5. *The Fear of the End of Progress.* This is a very mmon fear in America, though not so much so in her countries. If the state collects taxes and savings r public works and welfare, what will be left for ven-re capital, and for the man who wants to build a better ousetrap? Invention will die out. That progress which s been the hallmark of America will come to an end. /e shall be reduced to one dead level.

If Congress has the wisdom to adopt incentive taxa-on, or something like it, this fear can probably be laid rest. No more powerful device for promoting venture pital has ever been mapped. It would virtually force to scour the country for mousetrap makers. The chief ing that worries me about it is that such gentlemen are ot to be found behind every bush, now that most of our venting is done in large corporation laboratories. But e tax equally stimulates investing in research; so if we o not get so much progress as we desire from inventors attics and cellars, we may get it from the Bell Labora-ries.

This fear, though a standard subject at business men's nquets, seems to me largely a myth. Material progress not so much a function of freedom to invest as it is a nction of a dynamic society. The Germans, man for an, are probably as good scientists and inventors as we re; yet their economy is and has been far from free. urthermore, the fact that invention has been subsidized great research organizations makes material progress nevitable unless those organizations are broken up. Nobody to my knowledge has ever proposed to do his.

6. *The Fear That "What You Gain, I Lose."* "If our nitial impulses," said T. Troward,* "proceed from the elief that things are so limited that our gain can only ome from someone else's loss, then we have here the oot of envy, hatred, and fear." The concept revolves round a fixed production—the idea that there is only so uch output, or so much money. If somebody gets more f either, inevitably the rest of us get less. If the gov-ernment spends money on public works, there is less to be spent on private works. The more taxes are taken to put the unemployed to work the poorer we taxpayers must be. It is this fear which primarily motivates the economy bloc in Congress. Senator Byrd's remark comes to mind: "Cut government spending to the bone and then take the bone."

Many radicals and labor leaders hold a smilar concept, but upside down. The more the rich spend for luxuries the more miserable the budgets of the poor. But it is not the spending of the rich which does the damage, as we have seen, so much as their uninvested saving.

The idea of a fixed, limited product is very ancient and runs deep. It corresponded with the facts until Watt invented the steam engine. In handicraft societies progress is normally so slow that total output *is* limited, and the more corn the baron takes the less remains for the villager. Since the Industrial Revolution, with its use of inanimate energy, output per capita has multiplied many times. Our chief economic troubles in recent years have stemmed from surpluses rather than from shortages. Somewhere there is doubtless a limit to the potential output of modern industry, but we have never reached it in peace time.

The fear is expressed by both parties in most quarrels about wages. Managers are afraid that if labor gets more, stockholders will get less. Labor leaders are afraid that high profits mean low wages. Yet as early as 1920 Henry Ford began to preach and to practice the efficacy of high wages. Many business men followed him in theory if not in practice. Low wages mean a low level of mass buying power, and low profits for business men as a group.

Thinking in terms of the whole community puts a completely different face on the matter. The more wages people get the more they will spend, and the greater the business man's sales. Ford broke this fear by realizing that the better the wages he paid the more automobiles he could sell. True, the principle will not necessarily work for one company alone, but it will work when all companies practice it together—up to the point of full use of the national resources.

Output now in the war is a conclusive answer to this fear. By releasing physical and financial machinery from cautious commercial habits, we are going to have a tonnage of goods in 1943 probably twice that of 1938. The first ceilings we are likely to hit in war production will be due to a highly abnormal demand for special materials and to the shortage of man-power. In times of depression the fear of financial limitations has an especially unfortunate effect. By believing that money is limited and that we cannot afford to put men to work, we have held output far below capacity and thrown away the potential labor of the unemployed.

* Bulletin of the Economic Reform Club of London, 1941.

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Despite its ancient and honorable origin I sometimes think that this is the cruelest fear to which modern men can be enslaved. It was sound enough in 1800, but it has no relation to the technological and financial facts of the modern world. When the unemployed go to work, they gain and the rest of us gain too. Only when the economy is at maximum capacity has this fear any theoretical validity. But at maximum capacity we should be so deluged with goods that the fear would be unlikely to arise. It is a product of the age of scarcity.

7. *The Fear of the Masses.* Many well-to-do citizens are deeply disturbed about the effects of any proposed welfare program on the mass of the people. It is felt that the masses are not to be trusted. Unless they have the threat of starvation hanging over them they will not work. A special and dramatic case of this fear is seen in the South, where nearly every advance of the Negro is opposed because it is believed to threaten "white supremacy."

Modern biology has a complete answer to this fear in its demonstration that there are no inferior classes. "Inferior" or handicapped individuals are found in all classes. But perhaps the decisive answer is found in the trend of history. Is a world revolution going on or is it not? I believe that it is. The "masses" can no longer be kept in their traditional place; they are on the march. Those who really cherish democracy are glad to see them marching. Those who dislike democracy will continue to be afraid. I have no arguments to give them, and no consolation to offer.

These seven great fears, in whole or in part, are the brakes that may hold back full employment when the war ends. No valid physical or financial reasons are now discernible on the horizon to hold it back. Balanced against these fears will be the terrible demand for work and for security from the men of the armed services and the men and women of the war industries.

Discussion of how to finance the peace should perhaps be devoted primarily to overcoming fear. It would thus fall under the head of psychology rather than economics. I am only an amateur psychologist, but I know at least where the real difficulty lies.

THE GREAT HOPES

More logical than the fears are the hopes of the post-war world. Here we stand on firmer ground. Here we say yea, rather than nay, and have the confidence to take positive action. Confidence is the key. One can name a score of men competent to find all the money we need to achieve full employment. The techniques are already forged or in process of forging. They know how to go about the task if we, the voters, will let them do it. There are men and organizations competent to administer social-security programs and public-works programs. There are men who know how to count the unemployed, how to design and collect taxation, and keep the national debt from getting out of hand. Are we going to let them do these things? Or shall we turn the economy over to trembling men, who are determined to do nothing? This is my major fear, but it does not often assail me. I believe too strongly in the common sense of my fellow-citizens.

There is another, profounder reason which makes hope more logical than fear. Our economic troubles have been due to abundance, not to scarcity. Abundance, in the sense of capacity to produce, will be enormously advanced in America by the war. I find it difficult to be filled with gloom because we can produce so much. If another Ice Age were moving south, if the Black Death were upon us, if our crops were losing their vitamins to a dread new virus, I should be gloomy. But when the promise is for more and more material abundance, I refuse to succumb to more than temporary qualms. True we have relied on disasters in the past to absorb our gigantic production. Now I believe we are compelled to face the problem and find a better answer.

A century hence, says John Maynard Keynes, there will be no economic problem, even as there is today no problem of enough air to breathe. I believe him, and might even lop fifty years from his estimate. Peter Drucker has already laid a wreath on the tomb of "economic man." He believes that the financial calculus of profit and loss is ceasing to be a mainspring for human behavior. The classic figure of economic man was a product of scarcity, when pennies had to be watched and there was not enough to go around. He is increasingly out of his element in an economy of abundance.

It seems to me that the world is not only in a global war but in the midst of a convulsive transition period where human beings conditioned to scarcity are trying to adjust themselves to the technological facts of plenty. When the adjustment is made, they may look back on their worries and fears as one looks back on a bleak day in childhood, and wonder why they were so upset.

How long the transition will take is impossible to foretell, but there is no doubt that the war is quickening it by opening our minds to change—military, political and economic. Look at the speed with which types of arms are supplanted: the rising power of the land-based bombing plane, the decline of the battleship. And so with financial fears and fixed ideas. They too can be changed or supplanted.

Where does the money come from? It comes from the work of the people and the work of their machines. The war is forcing this lesson upon us. We may have learned it by Demobilization Day.

[*This is the concluding article of Mr. Chase's series on the problems of post-war finance.*]

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Let the People Talk!

BY RALPH C. ROPER

A MAJOR weakness in our government is the absence of an accurate and adequate way to ascertain the popular will between elections. Using the spoken and the printed word, leaders can talk freely and fully to the people, but the people have no effective way of talking back. Only at election times can the voters register their views, and even then, as a rule, not on separate issues.

War problems will not wait for elections. Nor will peace problems. Since an accurate and adequate understanding of the sovereign will can now be gained no oftener than every two or four years, domestic issues must suffer from neglect. The founding fathers knew this. And so the town meeting was devised. Jefferson said it was "the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government and for its preservation." But the town meeting had its limitations. As in the days of Aristotle, it could function only within "the range of an orator's voice." As our country's domain expanded and our problems became country-wide, simple, direct democracy had to give way to representative democracy.

Unfortunately, perhaps, we have known and experienced nothing else for more than a century and a half. It is so common among us that it has become cheap. Representative democracy, when it was first proposed by Thomas Paine (January 10, 1776), was neither common nor cheap. When he boldly urged the transfer of sovereignty to the people and the calling of a constitutional convention four years before any other leader had dared to do so, and outlined the fundamentals of our Constitution, the colonists looked upon his ideas as an entirely "new system of politics."

Democracy is government by discussion—*discussion by the people*. Listening does not satisfy the people. They are becoming impatient to talk. But to enable the people to regain their sovereign right to discuss their common problems together, and then inform their representatives of their sovereign will, new machinery must be devised. Many who have watched the workings of the Multiple Group Forum plan are convinced that this is the required device, that a country-wide system of thousands of people's forums would actually revitalize representative democracy. Dr. John Haynes Holmes has said of this plan: "It is a splendid extension of the democratic principle—altogether the most effective and fruitful extension I have ever seen. The spectacle of our group of seventy or more persons gathering week after week, under able leadership, to listen to experts and then to discuss on their own initiative and in the friendliest cooperative spirit the problems involved, and finally to report to one another their findings on the evidence and argument presented, has been indeed a thing to lift the heart, especially in these days when the democratic principle is under such heavy attack. I know that democracy is sound and good, for I have seen it work in this Multiple Group Forum plan."

Eight years' use of the plan in various communities has demonstrated that it is a practical remedy for the greatest weakness in our government. It permits every man and woman in an audience, no matter how large, to have three minutes in which to discuss a question and vote on it. The plan is simple and easily carried out. The audience is seated in groups of ten, around small tables, with a leader at each table who is democratically chosen. The questions are also democratically chosen—not dictated from above. They are so worded that they may be answered by yes or no. Usually, there are two speakers, likewise democratically selected. They speak in bouts of twenty minutes, then five minutes, each, one for the affirmative and one for the negative. Information and discussion, not debate, are expected. The speakers give facts and clarify issues. When they are through, the audience takes over the more important part of the meeting. For half an hour the participants at each table discuss the subject. The Multiple Group Forum thus permits conservatives, liberals, and radicals, face to face and elbow to elbow, to talk over together their common problems—economic, social, and political; local, state, and national.

Multiple Group Forums are democratically financed. In the center of each table is an ordinary soup plate. After discussion by the audience the chairman calls for the usual "music." The ensuing clatter of nickels, dimes, quarters, and half-dollars is the guaranty of independent discussion at subsequent meetings.

The third period of the program is devoted to reports by the table leaders. Each leader is given two minutes in which to report the vote of his table and summarize briefly the main points brought out in the discussions. At the end of the meeting the chairman, who has been chosen by the forum, announces to the audience the total vote upon the subject discussed.

I am often asked: "How do you prevent the "packing" of meetings? How are speakers selected? Table leaders?

A Multiple Group Forum is formed the easy, simple way, as informally as possible. A group of interested

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persons meet. They may come from existing clubs, discussion groups, forums, schools, churches, farmer groups, labor unions, women's clubs, men's clubs, business groups, and other organizations. They select a steering committee, and give to it such powers as they wish to delegate. A date is fixed, a question is chosen, and speakers are selected. The forum is held. In most cases the success of the first session is enough to insure others.

The steering committee is usually given authority to select subjects and speakers, but it often calls for suggestions from the audience. And the power of control remains always in the audience. Table leaders find themselves and are found. I have known table leaders to be chosen informally by unanimous voice. Changes of leaders come about in the same way.

As to packing a meeting, the best answer is that in the eight years the plan has operated in various communities packing has never happened, so far as I know. The procedure is so inherently democratic and simple that no one ever thinks of packing a meeting. That can happen only when control is from above or outside. At one meeting that I recall there were five speakers—Republican, Democrat, Laborite, Socialist, and Communist; every speaker had his say, and the audience had its say, without the least confusion or disturbance.

There is one unfortunate fact: conservatives do not as a rule take to the idea of discussion by the people so readily as do liberals and radicals. This was evidenced when invitations were extended to all former candidates for the Presidency—Herbert Hoover, James M. Cox, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Alfred M. Landon, and Norman Thomas—to cooperate in the promotion of a country-wide system of Multiple Group Forums. Only Mr. Thomas accepted.

Some people have objected to the Multiple Group Forum plan and its extension over the country because there are already in existence countless public forums of one kind or another. They overlook the fact that these forums do not permit audiences to take over the discussions. The large forum, says Nelson Antrim Crawford, editor-in-chief of the *Household Magazine* (Topeka, Kansas), which has a two-million circulation, largely in small rural communities, has so "degenerated" that it merely permits the audience to ask questions and the speakers to show how wittily they can reply; the chairmen of such forums often warn audiences against starting any arguments. If these forums are to function in the interest of the people, Mr. Crawford concludes, they must let anyone with an idea, good or bad, have his say.

I should like to see thousands of Multiple Group Forums all over the country simultaneously discussing the same questions. They could then count their votes and report them to national headquarters, where they could be tabulated, analyzed, and published. Such democratic machinery would provide a barometer of public opinion the like of which is not now available. Had this plan been in use when the League of Nations issue was pending, the world might not be at war today.

Sir Norman Angell's book "Let the People Know" should have as its corollary, "Let the People Talk!"

In the Wind

PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN'S draft classification is 4-c, the category of refugees who want to defeat Hitler but don't want to shoot Germans. The Prince explains that if he took arms against a sea of Nazis he might inadvertently shoot some members of the underground.

GERALD L. K. SMITH'S magazine, *The Cross and the Flag*, finds Secretary of State Cordell Hull "the most respected individual in Washington. . . . Now that the American people are beginning to awaken, Hull is coming into his own."

THE FIRST PUBLIC SHOWING of "Mission to Moscow" in the Soviet capital drew a record-breaking crowd to the Cinema de Luxe. The Hollywood portraits of Kalinin and Vyshinsky gave the audience a laugh, but those of Litvinov and Stalin seemed to be successful.

FURLOUGH TICKETS sold at reduced rates by the New York Central Railroad don't recognize all our allies. They are only for the use of "personnel in uniform of the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard [and] personnel in the uniform of the British Empire."

ALL THAT FIGHTING on the Russian front is just a "phony war," says Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. In an address at Akron, Ohio, quoted in the Akron *Beacon-Journal*, he analyzed the military situation thus: "The Russians cannot be as victorious as we are led to believe along a 600-mile front, day after day, for more than two months. It just doesn't happen. . . . I can't believe it. I'm positive it's all being done according to plan. . . . When Russia and Germany unite, . . . then we will pay for our reds and our pinkos."

FESTUNG EUROPA: During a recent blackout in Prague lamp-posts were painted with the inscription, "Maximum weight, six Nazis." . . . From a speech by Deputy Gauleiter Gerland in Brno: "People need not know the worries which the politically responsible leaders are shouldering for them. Knowledge easily makes one weary, but if one has faith, one remains strong."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues at Moscow

BY RALPH BATES

MANY liberals who have taken an active part in the campaign against the Metternichean peace projected by the Western allies have not yet realized that in the critical areas of Europe the U. S. S. R. is practicing the kind of foreign policy they have wanted America to practice. When their lack of understanding is not due to the lingering fogs of 1939 it can be attributed, I believe, to a failure to explore to its depths the accepted truth that the war is a revolutionary war. By that is meant that the immediate struggle for national liberation must necessarily awaken not merely the old forces of democracy but new ones, which will eventually seek to create a healthier society. This fact provides the test of a foreign policy. If it aids the people of Europe in their daily struggle against the Nazi forces of occupation, giving the clearest guaranties that the time-servers, the traitors, and the old implicated futilitarians will not be preferred to the men who fight now, if it shows eagerness to collaborate with the institutions which the people create for themselves as weapons, then that policy is democratic. For these new institutions represent solvent Europe. They are its flesh and blood, its very bone.

To put the problem in its true light the now manifest logic of past events must be described with brutal clarity. The urgency with which the Foreign Office and the State Department now address themselves to Moscow is due to their realization that they have misunderstood the time-table of Europe—and not only the time-table but the weight of the forces engaged. It cannot be doubted that our diplomats once thought that Russia would be so exhausted that Stalin could easily be persuaded to accept the Metternichean solutions which seemed to them the only safe means of adjustment to the Soviets' continued existence. The tremendous Soviet victories, however, indicating that the U. S. S. R. will be the most powerful force in continental Europe, have caused them to think again.

Both the second front and the political future of Europe will be discussed at Moscow. There are bound to be sharp differences of opinion, though Stalin has declared more than once that differences of social structure in the Allied countries need not prevent a solution. If one is reached, it will certainly be through compromise.

The characteristics of Soviet policy can be seen from the case of Yugoslavia. *Nation* readers are familiar with Yugoslav developments, but certain basic facts must be recalled here. The reactionary royal government in exile would neither organize the people for struggle nor wage war with its existing forces. When the Partisan movement began to attain real proportions, Mihailovich began civil war against them, in collusion with the Axis. As a consequence he became alienated from the people, while the Partisans and the civilian committees which directed them assumed the real and very democratic control of one-third of the country. All this is now generally admitted. What is not so well known is that the Partisans originally proposed to cooperate with Mihailovich, and recognized the royal government in London as the highest Yugoslav authority. They were driven to a contrary course by that government's rejection of democracy. In short, what has happened in Yugoslavia is an illustration of the truth stated in my first paragraph.

When I wrote my first article on the Yugoslav problem for *The Nation* (November 28, 1942) I was charged by one indignant reader with bad faith and with playing the Communist game. Many liberals then shared the belief that the Partisan movement, now officially recognized by London and the French Committee of National Liberation, was a Russian or at least a Communist Party creation, intended to serve Russian interests alone. It is true that the Communist Party of Yugoslavia did play a major role in bringing about this national rebirth, and that the U. S. S. R. was at first the only power to give resolute moral and practical support to the movement. Notwithstanding this, the Yugoslav Communists today are associated with five other political parties in directing what is the first democratic Yugoslav regime in many long years.

With these facts in mind, let us turn to the greatest problem of the war, the future of Germany. Here is found the gravest risk of conflict between the Anglo-American bloc and the U. S. S. R. The organization of a Free Germany Committee in London, closely following the political lead of the Moscow group—with which it is in contact—may indicate that London is preparing for a realistic discussion. All Mr. Churchill's utterances on this point, however, have been reactionary, though not more so than those of certain so-called liberals. Dismemberment, the amputation of Prussia, more or less permanent policing by a so-called international force, the maintenance of a hermaphrodite state—these proposals are substitutes for the German revolution which the Metternichs hope to frustrate. So great is the confusion that the last British Labor Party convention passed

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a disgraceful resolution on Germany, one wholly consistent with the views of Vansittart. Fortunately the Trades Union Congress has rejected a similar resolution by an overwhelming majority.

The program of the Free Germany Committee in Moscow and the political warfare based upon it leave no doubt as to the way in which the U. S. S. R. will use its tremendous influence. It will do all it legitimately can to aid Germans to establish a strong democratic state, able to defend its institutions against any new assault by German reaction; able, too, to recreate a healthy social life. There is no question of socialism or communism. The realists in Moscow, as well as the old Socialist and Communist vanguard in the German factories, know that a social revolution like that of October, 1917, would be prevented by London and Washington.

Criticism of the Soviet position is summed up in the contention, put forward and then abandoned by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, that the Soviet Union is determined to keep a powerful German army in existence at all costs, while the Anglo-American bloc is determined utterly to disarm the German nation. This view is refuted by a recent article in *War and the Working Class* which states that the Russians desire a purge of all the German warmakers, including the militarists, the Nazi Party leaders and functionaries, and the industrialists who supported Hitler's war aims. The entire social basis of German militarism must go. Nor do we need to rely exclusively on the Russian journal.

The thing to consider is what kind of Germany would result from a civil war waged around the Moscow committee's directives. For instance, the committee urges the German people to force immediate suspension of all hostilities and immediate withdrawal within German frontiers. One might suppose, to listen to the alarmists, that such a proposal would eventually be accepted as a matter of course by the Nazis or their militarist successors. Yet during the First World War this classical demand for the abandonment of conquests was a point around which the whole fight for German democracy developed. It will be so again. The mobilization of revolutionary forces around such a demand, if successful, will itself shatter the reactionary formations.

The nation that could consent to retreat and cease fighting would be not merely a beaten country but a purged one, in process of political, and to some extent social, change. Mr. Churchill, substituting a geographical term for a social description, has called for the amputation of Prussia. He is willing to risk the emergence of a new pan-Germanism in order to isolate the military class. The Russians believe that in the struggle for peace and the abandonment of conquest the majority of the old Junker generals will almost certainly be swept away. Field Marshal von Paulus, one notes, does not subscribe to "Free Germany."

Again, certain persons have thrown up their hands in astonishment because the German soldiers are asked to keep a firm grasp of their rifles, yet not to turn them against their own officers. It is difficult not to be scornful of the haphazard thinking and bad history on which this criticism is based. In 1917 there was no general Bolshevik insistence upon a liquidation of the officers. Many officers, indeed, sat upon the soldiers' committees and in the soviets, as Social Revolutionary delegates. When the officers attempted to prevent the establishment of the committees and to put down peace agitation, the Communists certainly recommended the use of the rifle. That is what the German committee proposes now. I quote the actual words of the manifesto, underlining the key phrase: "You have weapons in your hands. Hold on to them! Under the leadership of those commanders who recognize their responsibility and move together with you against Hitler, *boldly clear the path leading your country to peace.*" Evidently something has to be cleared out of the way. There is at least the Waffen S. S., the Gestapo in arms, at present between three-quarters of a million and a million strong. That being so, the simple tactic of "voting for peace with one's legs" will not serve as it did in czarist Russia. The German democrat has no chance of walking home to take his place on a revolutionary committee. Hard civil war within the army must come first. Nor can it be waged by ill-organized militias against the disciplined and superbly equipped S. S. Corps, but only by a new patriot army formed, for technical reasons, as far as possible out of intact units. Surely the reason for the difference between the Russians of 1917 and the Germans of 1943 is clear enough.

Manifestly the Soviets believe—as who does not?—that it is the fear of a peace of liquidation which keeps the German soldier fighting. The Free Germany Committee seeks to wipe out this fear and to utilize partiotism for the purposes of the democratic revolution. Criticism of its efforts arises from failure to bear in mind the axiom that every revolutionary effort must take into account the objective circumstances of the epoch.

Finally it should be noted that the crucial passage in the German committee's manifesto defines the limits laid down by Soviet statecraft. If the German people do not revolt, "Hitler will be overthrown only by the force of the coalition armies. But this will signify the end of our national independence and of our existence as a state, the dismemberment of our fatherland. And we shall have only ourselves to blame afterward." In the absence of effective revolution, that is to say, the Soviet Union will *not* clash with the Anglo-American bloc in order to frustrate the dismemberment demanded by Mr. Churchill.

One other criticism of the Moscow committee's doctrine has been made. Soviet readiness to work with

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German officers is held to hinder the opposition to the Badoglio regime. Again, the objective conditions of the Italian revolution must be considered in relation to the Soviets' position. The U. S. S. R. knows that the policy announced by Mr. Churchill in his speech of September 21 must be regarded as a basic conception, not to be opposed in headlong fashion. It knows that it cannot lead or create an Italian revolutionary opposition to Badoglio and the king. At best it can support the demands of such an opposition should it come into existence. However, Moscow did not shirk conflict with the Anglo-American group. It invited itself into the debate, just as it took part in the controversies of the Non-Intervention Committee during the Spanish war. And its stern criticism of the AMG suggests that it intends to urge greater democracy in our treatment of reconquered areas. If this is so, then the fear expressed above is baseless.

It is frivolous to object, as it has been objected, that the Soviets' active sympathy with democratic movements is merely a matter of self-defense. It is a matter of self-defense, of course, and we should be grateful that at least one power feels that it has nothing to fear from popular governments. The U. S. S. R. will discuss the future of European democracy with us along lines that are clear enough. In the stress of negotiations it may be forced to surrender something of value. How much depends to a considerable extent on the democratic movements in Britain and America. If there is no drawing together of the three powers, the future will be black indeed.

[*The controversial questions raised by Mr. Bates will be taken up from other points of view in later issues.*]

Behind the Enemy Line

By ARGUS

FOR some weeks now every German soldier going home from the front on furlough has received from his sergeant a printed paper, labeled OKW No. 227, August, 1943, containing instructions of a curious nature.

First, the soldier is warned that he will find conditions at home far from pleasant; he should not, however, think they are worse than they are. He will perceive that food is often hard to obtain, but he must not forget that rations are sufficient. He may see cities devastated by air raids and perhaps find his family living in emergency quarters; yet the actual number of devastated cities is small—the same ones are bombed again and again. He will run across grumblers and shirkers who spread "false rumors" and "wild stories," but they are an unimportant minority unworthy of notice.

Secondly, the soldier is called on to make his presence have a tonic effect on the community. It is his duty to take to the people at home "some of our strength, our will, our vision, and our confidence." "During the first months of the war the Fatherland breathed its strength and faith into the soldier on leave. Today the roles are reversed, and it is the soldier who must bring to the home front the moral stimulant it needs." There follows a recapitulation—for the soldier to repeat at home—of all the facts that "enable us to hold our heads high as far as the military situation is concerned."

Thirdly, the soldier is asked not to unsettle his comrades, on his return to the front, with gloomy stories about conditions at home. If he has found certain things bad, he should tell his commanding officer, who "will take up the matter with the proper authorities." He should especially avoid exciting his companions with "wild stories" about the bombings. "Every one of us must be careful not to make that mistake."

No comment on these instructions is needed. But one thing may be pointed out: the author of them was obviously addressing men whose morale is considered intact. Distribution of the paper shows that the German army command believes the front-line troops to be in general completely reliable.

The Zurich *Volksrecht* of October 2 contains a collection of stories about typical happenings in Germany. The first is one of an increasing number now current about the Nazi who seeks witnesses of his good behavior:

> A high Nazi official [says the paper's informant] lives in the same house as my grocer. The official's wife, my grocer tells me, recently said to him, "You can testify that my husband always behaved correctly and never harmed anybody. He never did anything even to you, who have always been a prominent Social Democrat."

Another is about the Nazi who tries to make it appear that he has never been one:

> One morning the treasurer of the Nazi Charity League called on a friend of mine to ask for a contribution. "Good morning," he began, not using the customary "Heil Hitler." My friend asked him if that was the new party greeting. The man replied that he had never been a party member and wanted to have nothing to do with the party; he was collecting money only for the sake of the charities. And he left with an "Auf Wiedersehen." My friend knows, however, that the man is in fact a member of the party. He is simply running to cover.

The widespread belief that Hitler will meet Mussolini's fate is illustrated by the following reported conversation:

> After the collapse of fascism in Italy I talked with a non-commissioned officer in East Prussia. In a voice full of conviction he said to me, "The same thing is bound to happen here. Everything is in readiness. I have precise information." His words impressed me all the more because he was a complete stranger to me.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Charles Beard's Political Testament

THE REPUBLIC: CONVERSATIONS ON FUNDAMENTALS. By Charles A. Beard. The Viking Press. $3.

IT IS not often that a book appears bearing unmistakable signs that it is destined to become a classic in its field. These imaginary dialogues which Charles Beard conducts with lively and intelligent interlocutors constitute such a book. It is a political testament, full of wisdom, set down with patience, buoyed up with a spirit of cheerful skepticism, and marred only by a caution which betrays it into ambiguity on a key point. Above all, it is an inspiring course in the fundamental issues of government and democracy. No intelligent person will find political science dull after reading it, whether he agrees with Beard or not. It should revolutionize the teaching of American government both on the college and the adult-education level.

These conversations are given in twenty-one chapters which begin with an analysis of the opening words of the Preamble to the Constitution, "We, the People," and conclude with "the Fate and Fortunes of Our Republic." As Beard goes from phrase to phrase, from provision to provision in the Constitution, he brings into play a dry humor and common-sense realism which dissolve the mists of rhetoric that usually attend discussions of the Constitution. As exercises in popular semantics these dialogues are excellent.

But let no one who knows the early Beard imagine that he has translated everything into the language of economic determinism. Although he has a sure grip on the economic facts of our day and never loses sight of them, he has traveled a long way from the standpoint of "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," whose remarkable and unanswerable findings were forced into too narrow a framework of motivation. Beard recognizes more explicitly than ever before that we cannot simply construe economic motives from economic conditions. Indeed, if anything, he goes to the other extreme and makes of the *Federalist* a kind of philosophical manual of perennial issues in political science without sufficient reference to the economic conditions of the period. He does not deny, of course, that political ideas were originally creatures or servants of interests. But he insists, and rightly, that by molding the outlook, hopes, and language habits of several generations of Americans, ideas enter into the *making* of history and to some extent influence the form and direction taken by present-day interests. History, for Beard, is not a blind working out of economic interests in conflict with each other but "the interplay of *ideas* and *interests* in the time-stream."

Of more topical interest than Beard's ideas on man, history, and causality, which receive only peripheral treatment, are his views on the social and political issues of our time. True to his own theory of why we continually reinterpret the past, Beard's reconstruction of the spirit and meaning of the Constitution is pointed toward a program of action for our own troubled era. On some of these issues, particularly the important problem of the economic underwriting of constitutional democracy, Beard is curiously reticent. He contents himself with exposing inadequacies in the proposals of spokesmen of capital, management, and labor to assure full employment and a rising standard of living for the community. His healthy reminder, here as elsewhere, that we don't know as much as we think we do is a corrective to dogmatism, but it is coupled with an over-caution that suggests that we do not even know enough to make a beginning. On foreign policy this spirit of caution is in evidence too, strongly buttressed with pertinent historical analogies. Like Dr. and Mrs. Smythe, his imaginary companions in dialogue, Beard rejects the appellation of "isolationist." He thinks of himself only as "an American whose strongest affections are centered here." Naturally he believes in the vigorous prosecution of the war but refuses to be swept away by the floods of loose talk about the nature of the post-war world and of the agencies which will be intrusted with the enforcement of peace. "Those who condemn nationalism and announce a merging of the Republic in a world solidarity may well profit from a long and minute study of the way in which American solidarity came about, not overlooking the long civil war required to seal our Union." These considerations are well worth pondering, particularly by those who believe we should commit ourselves to enforce peace no matter what kind of peace is established, and who place their faith in alliances and federations while they profess theories which locate the chief causes of war in domestic areas beyond international control. Beard does *not* favor withdrawal from world affairs. But instead of blind wholesale commitments in advance to ambiguous principles he urges piecemeal collaboration on practical issues.

On the home front Beard appears to be an untamed advocate of the New Deal and makes short shrift of those who urge constitutional objections to the policy of government intervention. Very impressive is the way he wrests the Constitution out of the hands of standpatters and reactionaries. He asserts that without altering a line in the document it can become the instrument of the most far-reaching social reforms. But for all his trust in the New Deal, Beard distrusts New Dealers, partly because they lack constitutional understanding and partly because they are subject to the same frailties as other human beings. This reflects not cynicism about human beings but wisdom in the ways of the political world, and awareness that the unintended consequences of what we do are often more fateful than our immediate successes.

An emphasis so marked as to border on a change in political outlook is now apparent in Beard's thought. Constitutional piety is called in as midwife of social reform, and unhistorical reason with its bold logical plans is turned out of doors. Abetted by a little intelligence, constitutional piety guarantees a new birth of freedom and welfare without Caesarean operations. In a sense, Beard has turned Savigny and the historical school inside out. Historical-mindedness

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is now become an indispensable aid to progressive legislation: arguments and proposals may be "historically true, if utterly unreasonable."

This accent on constitutionalism reaches its climax in Beard's defense of the power of the Supreme Court to declare void any acts of Congress which curtail personal liberties. The abrogation of the veto power of the courts, which ironically enough was a historical usurpation, he deems "undesirable and dangerous." I am in hearty accord with Beard's desire to protect minorities from discriminatory legislation. But to intrust that protection to the Supreme Court seems to me to be demonstrably unreasonable, whether reason is taken as a historical or a logical category. It is a misreading of American history, as Beard's own writings testify, to regard the Supreme Court as a reliable or consistent defender of minority rights and civil liberties. By and large it has used its power of judicial review, under the noble banner of minority rights, to bolster *property* rights imperiled by the advance of social legislation. So long as the court is not stripped of its power of judicial veto, there is nothing to prevent one justice, or all nine, when the chances of time and personality are well mated, from interpreting the amendments to the Constitution as a charter of established social privilege. Nor is it without significance that the state of personal and civil liberty in England, where laws are made without benefit of judicial review, is certainly not less healthy than it is here. If this is unhistorical, the fact that minorities have suffered more at the hands of other minorities than of majorities is not.

Charles Beard's position on this and related matters seems to me to grow out of his cloudy distinction between a constitutional government and a democratic one. The latter is defined simply in terms of majority rule; the former is one which limits the power both of officials and majorities by guaranteeing the human rights of individuals. Since rule by majority may be oppressive and degenerate into an elective despotism, democracy is distinguished from constitutional government. In the light of these definitions Beard considers the United States a constitutional rather than democratic republic. A second glance at these definitions will show that they are inadequate for the case in hand. Beard himself admits that in the United States rights of persons and property may be—and have been—destroyed by amendment. True, this requires, as he points out, an "extraordinary" majority. But what is sacred about 75 per cent or 99 per cent? Can't an extraordinary majority be just as tyrannical as an ordinary one? If a constitutional government is one in which "fundamental rights [are] reserved to the people," who determines what rights are fundamental, and who reserves them? Unless it is ultimately the majority or its elected representatives, constitutional government *must* be non-democratic.

Morally, rule by majority, ordinary or extraordinary, a minority, a Supreme Court, a despot may be benevolent or malevolent. Our choice between them is based upon the quality of their fruits, of which welfare is only one. All that Beard seems to me to want to say is this: fruits that are forced or plucked too hastily are likely to be bitter; a wise democracy is one in which the majority lays down rules for itself to proceed cautiously. As a rule caution is a good rule. But sometimes a democracy must act quickly and boldly, as none

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knows better than Beard, the historian. To repent at leisure one must at least survive!

Granted, then, that on a particular occasion democracy may trench upon certain claims and desires that are precious to us. We cannot therefore impugn the validity of the democratic process unless we are prepared to defend the doctrine of absolute natural rights or the principle of aristocratic rule. Beard, happily, is prepared to do neither one nor the other. "If for decency, progress, order, and liberty in the community and the nation, we cannot rely upon the character, sentiments, allegiances, and moral habits of the people, upon what, in heaven's name, can we rely?" Well said! But here speaks the democrat, not the pious constitutionalist who in the course of history has answered: the king, the church, the nobility, the party, the Supreme Court. The majority may be foolish and wicked, but if a democracy be defined and practiced in terms of *freely given consent,* the wise and virtuous minority has at least a talking chance before it decides to yield out of prudence or fight out of principle.

Charles Beard is a great American democrat. It would be a pity if his words were twisted to make him appear a Hamiltonian *pur sang.*

SIDNEY HOOK

Hamilton Rowan

THE DESIRE TO PLEASE. By Harold Nicolson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

AT THE age of eight Harold Nicolson was stupefied on being told by a schoolboy friend that his grandfather had been hanged. His mother, however, corrected this statement. "It was only your great-great-grandfather," she said, "and he wasn't really hanged; he escaped just in time." His name was Hamilton Rowan. "He was a rebel," his mother added. "We do not talk about him much." Now, after nearly fifty years, Harold Nicolson has published a biography of his fantastic ancestor—a beautifully written document so packed with history, humor, political intrigue, personal anecdote, suspense, and, not least, with wisdom, that its two hundred pages take as long to read and digest as would several novels of the size and quality of "Gone with the Wind."

Archibald Hamilton Rowan, whose character no novelist would ever dare attempt to create, was born in London in 1751. His father, "Old Baldie," was "a muddle-headed, untidy, raffish sort of man" who inherited Killyleagh Castle in County Down and whose mistress "began life as a housemaid" and ended it as a blaspheming old drunkard. "Old Baldie's" wife was a mean, snobbish bully of an English Protestant, who persuaded her father to make a will by which her son, because she suspected him of having "inherited an undisciplined soul," should succeed to her family's large fortune only on condition that he assume the name of Rowan, take a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, and refrain from visiting Ireland before the age of twenty-five. Her son did take the name of Rowan, and he did take a degree at Cambridge—where he threw his tutor in the river and received a commission in the Huntingdon Militia; but he more than once "sneaked clandestinely to Killyleagh" before the appointed date.

Three years, in fact, before that date Hamilton Rowan—whose figure was so colossal that "it might have served as a model for Hercules"—had visited not only Ireland, Holland, and the United States—whence he returned with "a raccoon, an opossum, and a young bear"—but also France, where Marie Antoinette was so impressed by the gigantic *seigneur anglois* that she sent him a ring. Hamilton Rowan remained in France eleven years. Why his great-great-grandfather chose to retire to the Continent at the age of twenty-two, Nicolson has no idea. In Paris, in spite of the fact that the French and British governments were then at war and he was an officer, Rowan spent his days rowing up and down the Seine in a Thames wherry. Nicolson also has no idea why, after four years in France, Rowan began to adopt an anti-English attitude—an attitude that was to govern, and almost deprive him of, his life. A clue to the puzzle why this rich, magnificent-looking Englishman should turn against his native land and devote his long career to passionate defense of Ireland's wrongs would seem to lie in his relation to his mother, whom he could never have liked, who bullied him, who for him no doubt symbolized England, who despised the Irish and tried to prevent her son from visiting Ireland, thereby bestowing upon that country "the glamor of a forbidden home." Another reason for Rowan's defense of the oppressed might be traced to the probability of his possessing a bad conscience over his own great wealth and extravagance.

Rowan committed his first subversive act when, at the age of twenty-six, he succeeded in obtaining an audience in Paris with Benjamin Franklin, whose acquaintance he then proceeded to use in order "to enlist Englishmen in the American forces for the purpose of fighting against their own country." Seven years later Rowan and his Irish wife decided to leave France and settle in Ireland. "The Irish," writes Nicolson—without too much malice—"do not want anyone to wish them well; they want everyone to wish their enemies ill." Hamilton Rowan spent the next fifty years planning, violently, indiscreetly, always illogically—in short, Irish-wise—innumerable ills for Ireland's oldest enemy. In this pursuit Rowan suffered imprisonment in Ireland, jail fever in France, exile and extreme poverty in Germany and then in the United States, where he became "a printer and dyer of calicoes" on the banks of the Delaware. Nevertheless, this enigmatic rebel, constantly courting violent death, "died quietly" in his adopted country "in the eighty-fourth year of his age."

Hamilton Rowan fell into the maelstrom of Irish politics by joining, in the company of Wolfe Tone and Napper Tandy, the Society of United Irishmen—from whose "inner ring" of 126 no fewer than 34 died on the gallows. He was first arrested in Scotland, and then, for the distribution of revolutionary pamphlets in Dublin, sentenced to two years in Newgate. Three months later, disguised as a cowherd, he was smuggled out to France in a rowboat. Thereafter he was accused of inciting the French government "to invade his Kingdom of Ireland with ships and armed men." Legend has it that immediately after his escape Rowan was idiotic enough to visit his home. There, by amazing presence of mind, he is said to have escaped death by hurling his hat out of a window and concealing himself in a closet. Nicolson first learned of this legend in James Joyce's "Portrait of the

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Artist," where Stephen Daedalus wonders "from which window Hamilton Rowan had thrown his hat upon the Ha Ha." To check up on this, Nicolson visited Joyce in Paris, and his description of this meeting—in a room in which I have watched the blind genius moving and talking precisely as here described—is not only one of the best passages in this fascinating book but also proof of its author's uncanny eye for detail, his strict adherence to fact. The conversation that ensued between the two writers, however, was of so unexpected a nature that it was only when Nicolson had regained the street that he remembered why he had come.

JAMES STERN

On Underestimating Japan

JAPAN FIGHTS FOR ASIA. By John Goette. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

AMONG the correspondents who have served in China, none has had the opportunity to know the Japanese better than John Goette, veteran International News representative in Peking. Mr. Goette was attached to the Japanese army for five years, traveling with the invading forces in many parts of China and enjoying unparalleled contacts with the Japanese military leaders. On the basis of his experience Mr. Goette is gravely concerned lest America underestimate Japan's bid for dominance of Asia. His book is an impassioned plea that we take time to understand the nature of Japan's strength and the permanence of its threat to world peace.

Numerous incidents are related to show the toughness, the loyalty, and the fighting qualities of the individual Japanese soldier. Behind this dogged and almost superhuman devotion to duty lies not so much a lust for war as a unity of purpose that is without parallel in any other nation. The Japanese soldier who is wounded in battle is assured of every care that modern science can provide. If he is killed in action, his name is revered by a grateful people. Moreover, the Japanese army is a veteran army. In its six years' war in China it has gained experience which has already proved invaluable in its war against the West. And although the navy has had no such experience, it has been carefully schooled for years for the inevitable attack on the United States and Britain. Contrary to the usual American opinion, both branches of the service are competently led by men who are capable of daring and initiative in carrying out the grandiose plans of the heads of the government.

Mr. Goette lays great stress on Japan's ability to transform its conquered territories into political and economic assets of immeasurable worth. He goes beyond any other contemporary writer not only in accepting the sincerity of Japan's "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity" policy but in crediting its results. More than a half-million Japanese civilians have moved into occupied China within the past few years. These immigrants are well established; they are making the occupation pay dividends financially; and they are rapidly building an economic domain which greatly strengthens the Japanese capacity to withstand the military pressure of the United Nations. At the same time the Japanese have undoubtedly enjoyed some measure of success in their elaborate and

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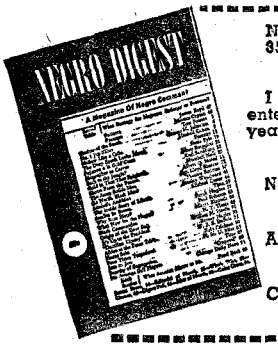

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"ONE of the prime source books of American democracy. For this is, by heck! the real thing, a full and truthful report by a man who maintained peace with himself and the world while he kept everlastingly busy doing what he wanted to do."—Harry Morgan Ayres, *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

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expensive program for indoctrinating the peoples of the occupied territories with Japanese concepts. Although their propaganda efforts are frequently clumsy, the Japanese make up in zeal and persistence for their inability to see through other people's eyes.

While there is clearly less danger in overemphasizing the enemy's assets than in underestimating them, most readers will regret that Mr. Goette gives little space to Japan's liabilities. Presumably because his experiences were limited largely to the Asiatic mainland, he does not discuss such questions as the basic weaknesses in Japan's agriculture, the shortage of shipping, and the insuperable problems of war production. Nor does he consider Japan's vulnerability to air attacks. But since most of these points have been overstressed in current writing on Japan, his book offers a healthy corrective.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Nomini Hall

JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF PHILIP VICKERS FITHIAN. Edited with an Introduction by Hunter Dickinson Farish. Colonial Williamsburg, Inc. $4.

CUSTOMARILY the Tidewater planters imported their household tutors, along with their furniture and plate and china, from Britain; but just before the outbreak of the Revolution they began to seek instructors for their children in the divinity schools of the North. Philip Fithian was twenty-six years old and a recent graduate of Princeton when in 1773 he came to the Northern Neck of Virginia to serve as tutor at Nomini Hall, the plantation home of the Honorable Robert Carter. It was an entirely new world in which the young man from New Jersey found himself, and at first the Virginians, with their formal, courtly manners and their enormous appetite for life, seemed wonderfully strange. In many ways their behavior was as shocking as his Presbyterian elders had warned him that it would be. Their favorite clergyman—whose sermons never interrupted their social chats in the churchyard for longer than twenty minutes—was also one of the colony's most persistent tipplers and reckless gamblers; the tiniest girls could talk as constantly and knowingly of silk and chintzes and Paris net as their fathers and young brothers did of shooting and boat racing and dogs and horses; the lessons of Mr. Christian, the dancing master who made the rounds of the great plantations, always took precedence over Mr. Fithian's carefully prepared exercises in Greek and arithmetic. Yet during the two years that he lived as an intimate member of their household Fithian grew as fond of the Carters—and of their neighbors, the Fauntleroys, Washingtons, and Lees—as they did of him. He recorded with admiration the skill with which "sensible, judicious" Mr. Carter managed the multiple activities of his 60,000 acres and the efficiency with which "prudent, always cheerful" Mrs. Carter supervised the manifold tasks connected with maintaining a "great house." He wrote with genuine affection and a warm and endearing humor of his seven "lovely charges"—the "volatile" fun-loving teen-age boys, and the "merry, winning" little girls. He was particularly impressed by the unfailing kindness of these children to their colored servants and was constantly amused by the

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serious manner in which they imitated their duties in their own play. They were forever busy at make-believe weaving, spinning, sweeping, and scrubbing, and pretending to be pregnant women by "stuffing rags and other Lumber below their Apron Strings."

Great things were happening in America during the two years that young Fithian lived at Nomini Hall, and he duly noted the "tumult" that news out of Boston and Philadelphia occasioned in the colony. When war finally broke out, he enlisted as a chaplain and died of dysentery and exposure after the Battle of White Plains. He was one of the very first of many young Calvinists from the North who during the interval between their graduation and ordination served as tutors in the South and formed an attachment for the families with whom they lived that was not weakened even by the sectional bitterness that led up to the Civil War. It is fortunate that the Williamsburg Restoration Historical Studies have made available the diary and letters that he wrote at Nomini Hall. They give a fresh, human, and altogether charming picture of plantation life on the eve of the Revolution.

GRACE ADAMS

DRAMA

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS" (Imperial Theater) has so many touches of talent that it is exhilarating in spite of its flaws. For one thing the story, slight as it is, has a point. It also has one character. This is the good-looking American boy, a rising young barber, who is stuffed with the sentiments of popular songs and the American dream of settling down and raising a family in Ozone Heights. By accident he brings Venus into life, circa 1943, when he slips a newly paid for engagement ring on the finger of a statue of the goddess in a chi-chi modern art gallery. Venus "eliminates" the barber's fiancee by the old magic device of causing her to vanish—which provides enough complications to keep the piece going. It goes very well through the first act, which ends in a fine blaze of costume and song. The second act is a bit of an anti-climax. The dénouement is played out too fast, and this fault is accentuated by the circumstance that not until Act II do the authors really get down to characterizing the barber. The characterization is amusing and telling and should have been incorporated in Act I.

Needless to say, Venus finds that she wouldn't like Ozone Heights and takes her leave, but has the kindness to provide a substitute, an all-American girl who looks just like herself.

The story, as anyone can see, gives scope to contemporary fashions in attitudes and expression. Modern art contributes to the decoration and the fun. Freud takes a deep bow early in the proceedings when Mary Martin, exquisite in her own right and made more so by the clothes of Mainbocher, utters the unexquisite observation that love is not the sound of a dying violin but the twang of a bed-spring. Later on the psychiatrist has his moment, at psychiatry's expense.

Agnes de Mille's particular American blend of ballet and "modern" and musical-comedy dancing also fits nicely into this mélange. Neither of her two numbers can compare with "Rodeo," but they are good medicine for red-blooded Americans who think they don't like ballet. And the supple humor of Sono Osato is a wonderfully effective antidote for an old and silly prejudice.

Kurt Weill's tunes are pleasant but not very distinctive. They seem to me to fall between the stools of American and European popular songs. And Ogden Nash's rhymes too often put weights rather than wings on his lyrics. Still, several of them are effective, given the setting and presentation.

The performances are good throughout, though John Boles is a bit heavy and persists in singing a popular song as if it were an operatic aria. Kenny Baker is extremely well cast as the barber. Paula Laurence "louses up songs," as she calls it, in a most engaging way and otherwise makes the best of a rather sketchy part. As for Mary Martin, she is lovely, gay, impudent, and intelligent.

"One Touch of Venus" has a *New Yorker* flavor—diluted but definite—and most of the collaborators hail from the borders of Bohemia where smartness parleys with talent and allows it scope so long as it observes the rather fierce conventions of smartness. Here both smartness and talent parley with Broadway. Broadway is skeptical—*Variety* notes the dearth of jokes and says the piece is "slanted to connoisseurs." But the drought on Dream Street has been so long drawn out that the gag-and-soda audiences I complained about last time may even take to the fairly dry red wine of Perelman, Nash, De Mille, and Weill.

MARGARET MARSHALL

[*Joseph Wood Krutch, regular drama critic of* The Nation, *is on a year's leave of absence.*]

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FILMS

"SAHARA." Humphrey Bogart and several less high-salaried but no less talented soldiers, stranded at an oasis, hold off and then capture a full Nazi battalion. Anyone who can make that believable, even for so long as you watch it, knows how to make a good war melodrama. "Sahara" is the best one since "Bataan." Cinematically it is better. It borrows, chiefly from the English, a sort of light-alloy modification of realism which makes the traditional Hollywood idiom seem as obsolete as a minuet.

"A Lady Takes a Chance" is not the new kind of realistic sex comedy it might have been, but once in a while it's on the edge. Too often both ends of Jean Arthur are played against the middle; but John Wayne suggests how sensational he might be in a sufficiently evil story about a Reno gigolo. Besides the unusually frank erotic undertones there are some good harsh street and rodeo shots, a fine small hotel, and a saloon scene which gets down the crowded, deafening glamor which unforeseen daylight drunkenness can have, better than I have ever seen it filmed before.

"Hostages," made from Stefan Heym's novel, lacks the cinematic edge, detail, and inventiveness which the story could have afforded, but at worst it is competent, politically focused, and fairly exciting. William Bendix, though he mugs, is a valuable surprise. He evidently understands—as nobody else in Hollywood seems to—the almost beyond-death detachment which is at the center of everything a deeply political man does.

"Corvette K-225" is an unusually decent and unpretentious—but not very interesting—semi-documentary about Corvette K-225. Some of it, made in Canada and on the North Atlantic, is fresh and pretty to see; even genuinely moving. The more violent stuff, though well-contrived, is strictly studio, and suffers by comparison.

"True to Life" is a rather crass and moderately amusing comedy about two soap-opera laureates (Dick Powell and Franchot Tone) who deceive and exploit a (far from true-to-life) Queensboro family, for "material." There is some fair radio-ribbing, and I liked Victor Moore and some daft gadgets derived from old Buster Keaton comedies. Mary Martin, I notice with some alarm, is playing Jean Arthur—a tendency which even Miss Arthur must learn to curb.

"Lassie Come Home" is a dog story which I had hardly expected to enjoy, and cannot be sure who will and who won't. I did, though. Those who made it seem to have had a pretty fair sense of the square naivete which most good stories for children have, or affect; they also manipulate some surprisingly acute emotions out of the head dog. Whether from private remembrance or from the show, I got several reverberations of that strangely pure, half-magical tone which certain books, regardless of their other qualities, have for many children.

"Thousands Cheer" is a thoroughly routine musical distinguished only by Gene Kelly with nothing to use his talents on, a terrible piece of trash by Shostakovich, and the unpleasant sight of José Iturbi proving he is a real guy by playing the sort of boogie-woogie anyone ought to be able to learn through a correspondence course.

"Sweet Rosie O'Grady" has some fairly pretty color and sets (1880), a few glimpses of Betty Grable's façade, and the power to remind you that the right director and author could make wonderful use of her.

"Wintertime," Sonja Henie's ten-thousandth baked alaska, proves that skating musicals do not have to be half as boring as they usually are; also that that fact is of no great importance.

"Thank Your Lucky Stars" is the loudest and most vulgar of the current musicals. It is also the most fun, if you are amused when show people kid their own idiom, and if you find a cruel-compassionate sort of interest in watching amateurs like Bette Davis do what they can with a song. JAMES AGEE

ART

ALEXANDER CALDER: Sculpture, Constructions, Jewelry, Toys, and Drawings. At the Museum of Modern Art until November 28. *GIORGIO DE CHIRICO:* Early Paintings. At Art of This Century Gallery until November 6.

Calder's accomplishment is the invention of a new microcosm of art. Its flora and fauna are made of wire, sheet metal, piping, glass, wood, and anything else tangible. Its plants can be conceived of as those objects with leaves of metal, its animals those with flanged and bolted haunches, its geology the involutions of wire, string, and pellets, while its machines are really machines —motor-driven—with no purpose other than the dance of their own movements. The modality of this world is linear, two-dimensional in spirit if not in fact, an inheritor of painting. Here also the mischievous word of E. E. Cummings's poetry is made flesh. Calder's art is always called gay and exuberant, and it is. But more seems to be wanted. This particular world lacks history. Lots of things go on in it but nothing happens; for its laws have no necessity and are not sufficiently determined by a driving purpose working itself out variously and progressively in fulfilment of the will or inherent nature of its creator. Its creatures differ as much in design and scale as can be wanted, but they all have the same personalities. Calder's chief asset is felicity: so few of his objects lack it; but felicity exhausts their content—as is most obvious in the larger pieces. It becomes plain then that the fundamental aesthetic concept setting Calder in motion is good taste—a good taste already established by others, since his shapes and especially his color stem entirely from the works of Picasso, Miró, and Arp. Good taste has its advantages, and Calder is one of our best artists. I do not think that he is in the same class as David Smith, who works in a similar medium and derives from the same ancestry, but he comes next.

Chirico is an inventor, too, not of a world but of an atmosphere and décor. A stereopticon view of a desolation clean-swept and orderly, haunted, abandoned, Graeco-Italian, etc., etc. Ichabod the glory has departed, leaving elegiac and lyric shadows in the late October sun. Not crumbling matter but the absence of people—more, the absence of animal life—signifies decay, or the embalmed immobility of their partial presence in rooms cluttered with geometrical paraphernalia. Those who lament the degeneration of Chirico's art into its present state of buff torsos, whitewashed horses, and chalk drapery would be less dismayed if they looked more searchingly. Aside from atmosphere explicitly denoted as such, the originality of these early Chiricos (1911 to 1917) lies only in the neat bisection and rebisection of space—a parody of Renaissance composition—and in the declamatory contrasts of dark and light, the light being expressed by color unusually flat with respect to the deliberately academic black of the modeling and shading. But the color is stale Florentine sugar, and the texture of the painting superficial and lifeless. Perhaps this came in part of the artist's desire to

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paint in the spirit of his theme; if so, he overdid it. The *alla prima* thinness expresses the defeatism of Chirico's art itself more poignantly than it does the defeat of the world conjured up by its means. His art is a literary feat sustained for only a moment's view. Then it dies—or goes on to survive best in black and white. Let me except "The Rose Tower" from the last; it is notable for its flesh pink no less than for the placing of its horizon lines, used so well to evoke melancholy.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

THE fact that Massine should create a ballet at all seems always to be a trial to Mr. John Martin's august patience and an occasion for his disdainful witticisms. It seems to me that Massine has established his right to create ballets, and that one can say of "Mademoiselle Angot," newly produced by the Ballet Theater, only that it is one of his failures. Massine himself—with his authoritative presence, his style, his get-up, his comic powers—provides a few exciting moments; the rest is just a hubbub which communicates nothing. What is unfortunate is that with Massine in "Mademoiselle Angot" he is out of "Capriccio Espagnol," and that Lazovsky has been withdrawn also; for without the presence and style of the one and the incandescent rhythmical agility of the other the finale of this ballet is far from the brilliant spectacle it was last year (and I have seldom witnessed music and dancing as wide apart as they were in the recent performance I saw). The other ballets on the program, "Pillar of Fire" and "Pas de Quatre," are still beautifully done (the performances of the music of these two were only normally ragged).

In this connection I might mention that the war, in bringing changes to newspaper staffs, has given New York a first-rate dance critic: Mr. Edwin Denby, who now writes for the *Herald Tribune*. I have made the point a number of times that the important thing in criticism is not the critic's final verdict that something is good or bad but his reasons for the verdict, in which we get the illuminating insights—when he has them—that are his value to us. Mr. Denby has an eye that sees; and looking at anything through this eye is an excitingly illuminating experience—the more so for the seriousness and the warm intensity that his writing communicates.

Again I must be glad that I did not anticipate the *New Yorker* reviewer's comment on the way Serkin's performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 27 No. 2 is recorded. I can recall no past horror for which he did not have a cheery word; but the present recording of the Serkin performance seems to have provoked him beyond endurance: "The piano recording, as such, isn't as clean as it could be, however."

Readers have inquired from time to time whether I intended to discuss some of the important books of the year. I do; and I regret the time it is taking me to write what I have to say about them. All criticism begins with an experience and ends with a formulation of one's response to the experience (though there is, of course, also the large amount of journalistic writing which uses words to conceal what they betray—the fact that the writer has had no experience from what he has heard or seen or read, and no response to it). And the book review—in which one must digest someone else's train of thought in order to fit it into a train of thought of one's own that both restates and evaluates it—is the form of critical writing which I happen to find the most difficult, and which takes me the most time to do. I read Dorian's "History of Music in Performance," Maisel's "Charles T. Griffes," Beecham's "Mingled Chime," Panassié's "The Real Jazz" months ago; and I expect to write about them before long.

Stokowski's "Music for All of Us" I will not discuss: after twenty-five years' observation of the Stokowski performance in action and word I cannot bring myself even to read it. I might suspect the story in broadcasting circles that Stokowski's knob-twiddling took his broadcasts off the air until he was given a dummy control panel to play with, if I had not heard myself in the recent Victor recording of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony how his knob-twiddling took parts of the music off the records; after this, and after some of his atrocious Columbia recordings, I have no interest in Stokowski's dabblings in science. But if you want to know what he has to say in his book about the physical basis of music, here is the summary of his ideas in the review in the *Times's* Sunday book section: "When he gets around to the physical side of music Mr. Stokowski writes more illuminatingly than most musicians. For his is a bold, far-ranging, searching mind. Not content merely to study and conduct symphonies, he has gone to the roots of his art. He has made himself an expert on the science of sound. More than any other major conductor in this country he knows the science of acoustics and the possibilities of the new fields being opened by scientists. . . . Many other writers have set down their views. But Mr. Stokowski covers the field with a fresh, broad point of view. He tries to state his position as simply as he can, but he does not write down, as many expositors of music for the layman are inclined to do. He respects not only his art but his audience." And if you are interested in knowing the ideas behind Stokowski's butcheries of music in performance, "when Mr. Stokowski discourses on music structure he employs a wide and varied frame of reference. As a conductor he had to cover many epochs, schools, and nations. As a student he has concerned himself with the musical expression of all parts of the world—not merely the Occident, on which our musical culture is based, but the Orient, the South and Central American countries, and the remote cultures which have been carried down, at least partly, to our own time by such groups as the Indians of the Americas." That tells you everything.

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

STUART CHASE, distinguished American economist, is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste," "The Economy of Abundance," and other books.

RALPH C. ROPER, originator of the Multiple Group Forum plan, is a New York lawyer now working for the government.

RALPH BATES, after playing an active role in the British labor movement, helped to organize the International Brigade in Spain and fought in it at the front. He is well known as a novelist and short-story writer. Among his books are "The Olive Field" and "The Undiscoverables."

SIDNEY HOOK is chairman of the department of philosophy at New York University. His latest book is "The Hero in History."

JAMES STERN is the author of two volumes of short stories, "The Heartless Land" and "Something Wrong."

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Letters to the Editors

Soldiers and Democracy

Dear Sirs: I was glad to find, in your issues of the past month, letters criticizing the lack of any concrete, specific, unified attempt to educate the soldiers on the meaning of this war with fascism. I have been in the army since before Pearl Harbor; in those days the rare gabfests not concerned with girls turned to the "over the hill in October" theme. Today there is a desperate longing for some miraculous sudden end to the war, and then home and happiness forever after—no more problems, issues, struggles. And the lack of any serious training in democracy—instead of so many wasted hours of too much close-order drill, or policing up, inspection, etc.—is reflected in the talk of many soldiers who, quite simply, would quit the army tomorrow if they could get away with it. "But the Japs, the Nazis?" you ask—and they either remain sullenly silent or shrug the question off with "Aw, they won't come over."

The P. X. (Post Exchange) reading matter consists chiefly of superman books, comics, and, believe it or not, true-romance magazines. The splendid army theaters are mostly wasted with a constant parade of slick Hollywood thrillers or tenth-rate musicals. The few training films of "orientation" I have seen are too general, too vague; fascism is not concretely explained in terms of personal slavery, physical and spiritual. The Special Service officers seem incapable of anything but promoting games or sponsoring some puerile, hashed-up USO vaudeville. Any writing about the army stresses always the gags, the wisecrack angle. Is it any wonder the barracks teem either with crude sex jokes or with anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-anything-really-progressive talk?

In over two years in the army I have seen equipment become plentiful, superb, beautifully designed for its specific task; I have seen training become more and more realistic. But I have not seen any attempt whatsoever—despite the Special Orientation Course (on paper)—to take this unparalleled opportunity of teaching the farm boy and the slum boy, the Southerner and the Northerner, gathered together in one vast army, that the world extends beyond the comics and the crooner, and that democracy must be fought for after the last bomb is dropped.

Keep writing, shouting, yelling to all you can reach the sad truth that most American soldiers will fight without really knowing what all the shooting's for. ENGINEER

Somewhere in Tennessee, September 10

Mr. Ernst Again

Dear Sirs: I don't want to prolong this endeavor to get at the facts, but since I have spent a good portion of my life fighting for civil liberties I do want this little correction of the record left by XXX and Mr. Stone.

Your anonymous XXX indicted jointly the FBI and the Civil Service Commission, indicating that the *two* organizations had asked various questions without specifying which asked which. I think it is less than fair to do that kind of writing. Surely the questions were not made up out of the head of the author. Surely it would have been easy for Mr. Stone, in looking over the author's files, to state categorically which questions were asked by the FBI and which by the Civil Service Commission. The author and Mr. Stone have declined to do so. This casts doubt on the entire indictment. But now, if you please, the editorial crime is compounded. Mr. Stone, carelessly and without looking at the record, refers to two court cases as being evidence of FBI violation of civil liberties, of which one had nothing whatsoever to do with the FBI and involved an entirely separate and independent branch of the government—to wit, the Alcohol Tax Bureau agents. It's pretty serious when a recognized Washington correspondent indicts the wrong bureau. MORRIS L. ERNST

New York, September 29

—and Mr. Stone

Dear Sirs: Ernst is right about the cases; the federal agents in one of them were Alcohol Tax Unit men, not FBI men. The two cases were linked by the court, and I was wrong. However, Ernst is wrong in saying, as he did in his original letter, "I am writing to let you know that I have yet to hear of a single proved case of violation of the basic civil liberties [by the FBI]. This is close to a miracle." For the other case, the one involving the Mine, Mill, and Smelters Workers' Union, the Anderson case, was one in which the Supreme Court not only rebuked the FBI for violating basic civil liberties but threw out a conviction on that ground. To paraphrase Ernst, "It's pretty serious when a recognized champion of civil liberties overlooks an important Supreme Court decision upholding civil liberties against federal agents, in one case agents of the FBI." Ernst will find the decision discussed in a *Nation* editorial printed last March 20. I would also refer him to an editorial in *The Nation* for March 23, 1940, discussing the FBI's Gestapo-style raids on Loyalist sympathizers in Detroit.

The answer on the FBI and Civil Service Commission questions is that both organizations have on their lists of investigators too many political ignoramuses, nurtured on the Hearst-Patterson-McCormick press, and both have asked the same kind of stupid question. No government employee is willing to risk his neck by questioning these men closely and then naming names to a liberal publication for transmission to the FBI via its defenders. I don't blame them. I. F. STONE

Washington, October 7

Incentive Pay

Dear Sirs: Official Washington hollers about a shortage of men. Nonsense. The "Plancor" projects are filled with make-work jobs tying up thousands of men.

Plancor is the term applied to a war project for which the government supplies the funds. The private corporation operates the plant; the products go to the government; the ownership of the plant will be decided after the war. For example Plancor 860 is a magnesium plant west of Lake Charles, Louisiana. Plancor 360 is the Butadiene refinery at Rose Bluff, Louisiana. Another is the Goodyear rubber concern near Pasadena, Texas. The total number of such war-plant projects is now in the high hundreds. Such projects as the Houston Shipyards, under the control of the United States Maritime Commission, though not called Plancors, are similarly organized.

The contract between the Houston Shipbuilding Corporation and the local painters' union prohibits the use of wide paint brushes in this shipyard where I work, although at Galveston, in a ship-

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yard also owned by the Todd Drydock and Repair Corporation, wide brushes are used. The local union has made its own terms. Spray guns are used only on small articles of hardware which are later attached to the boat—pulley blocks, davits, cleats. No spray guns are used to paint hulls or girders or decks. Let the soldiers wait while workers make money!

Let nobody suppose that the criticisms of general lethargy are unfair, that such delays are inevitable. There is in practice in a few projects a plan which eliminates all this friction between labor and management. The constructive answer to be given all those who try to excuse delay is incentive pay. Incentive pay is the practice of employee participation, as a group, in group efficiency. Even such a person as Wilson, president of General Electric, has admitted that his company could not compete successfully with those companies that used the plan. Were incentive pay to be practiced in all war production, production would double and some phases might increase sixfold.

MAURICE H. HILTON

Houston, Tex., September 10

Why Shrink from the "League"?

Dear Sirs: Please explain to your readers the strange and absurd attitude of our statesmen and editors toward the League of Nations. Secretary Hull, in his recent address to the nation, referred to the International Court of Justice, which perhaps needs some remodeling, and fully recognized the inescapable necessity of world cooperation to maintain and enforce peace. Why, in the name of common sense, shrink from mentioning the League and its available machinery? Why not discuss candidly the inadequacies of that machinery and suggest amendments of the Covenant designed to render the League more effective than it proved to be at critical junctures; indeed, effective enough to deter gangsters from aggressive and predatory attacks upon foreign countries?

Mr. Churchill, in his Harvard address, spoke of the sad failure of the League and admitted the responsibility of America and European powers for that failure. But the blunders, now clearly perceived, can be avoided in the future. Revitalize the League, provide for the prompt use by its members of overwhelming force against a would-be aggressor, repeal the rule of unanimity as a condition of any action by the League, and you have the collective security now seen to be essential if war is really to be outlawed. Here, then, is the line of least resistance. Why do not the sincere friends of collective security and peace urge this eminently practical course? Why are they palsied by the uncritical talk of the "failure" of the League?

By the way, our own unrealistic and sentimental liberals, who rejected the League because of the horrendous element of compulsion it envisaged, might now put on sackcloth and ashes and advocate *more* compulsion rather than *less* in anti-war and security covenants. Sincerity and honesty dictate such confession of sin and conversion to sanity and rationality.

Please, *Nation* editors, open your columns to a discussion of the objections, if there are any worthy of consideration, to the revitalization of the League and complete restoration of the agencies it established and maintained. If the objections are shallow and fallacious, then come out boldly for the League and discourage the continued use of misty and obscure references to world cooperation and world organization in the interest of permanent peace.

VICTOR S. YARROS

La Jolla, Cal., September 20

Teachers and Wages

Dear Sirs: The letter of Edgar B. Wesley in your issue of August 28 stirred my fighting blood when he advocated higher salaries for teachers. I have in mind salaries for teachers in rural schools in the Midwest. Let me tell a story.

Something like six or more years ago I attended a district convention of the first district of the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union held in the chapel of the University of South Dakota at Vermillion. The president of the university had been requested to give an address, which was expected to be on cooperation but turned out to be on education, a subject on which he was better prepared to speak.

His speech was a very able one; it included an appeal for higher salaries for teachers. At its conclusion a young farmer sitting near me said if farmers had better prices for their produce they could pay better salaries to teachers. I raised a hand for permission to ask a question: granted. "In our two-room village school we have a teacher who is enthusiastic about teaching temperance. A sixth-grade boy once said in my hearing that the teacher had told his class that she 'personally knew Democrats who drank beer.'" I could say no more till the roar of laughter from that crowd of farmers had died away; even the president laughed till his face was red, his eyes filled with tears. Then I asked how big a salary that teacher should receive; he answered, "Doubtless there are many teachers who would be overpaid at nothing a month."

He was right; I recall the young woman from a nearby big city of Iowa called to fill a vacancy in one of our leading rural schools who had not one thing on her desk when I visited her school but a copy of the *Red Book* magazine; when I remonstrated she explained there was an excellent article on physiology in the back. I suggested she could find all such material she could use in her textbooks. By an accident she was forced to resign, and her place was taken by a leading pupil of our own county-seat high school, the only replacement available.

We need professional teachers, not "high-school kids"—girls who are earning money for attractive clothes and make-up until they can marry or young men who are stopping off a year to earn money for further study in a chosen line. All honor to the young girls who *are* doing fine work in the schoolroom, whose enthusiasm and devotion I can never forget.

I cannot be lacking in sympathy for teachers since I was called to teach young children at fifteen years of age, salary $12, back in the '70's. In the later '80's and '90's I envied the teachers getting $40, for as farm wife and mother I sold eggs as low as four cents a dozen, June butter, seven to eight cents. Before the deflation of 1920 the larger schools in our county were paying $165—$165 for nine-month terms. Wages did not fall much below that till the great depression.

I have no theories to offer; I have long been out of school work; I do understand the importance and truth of Mr. Wesley's position regarding the teaching of history and civics, the latter including principles as well as mere forms of government.

ALICE A. TOLLEFSON

Sioux City, September 20

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THE NATION, 55 Fifth Ave., New York 8, N. Y. Price 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, $1. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index. Two weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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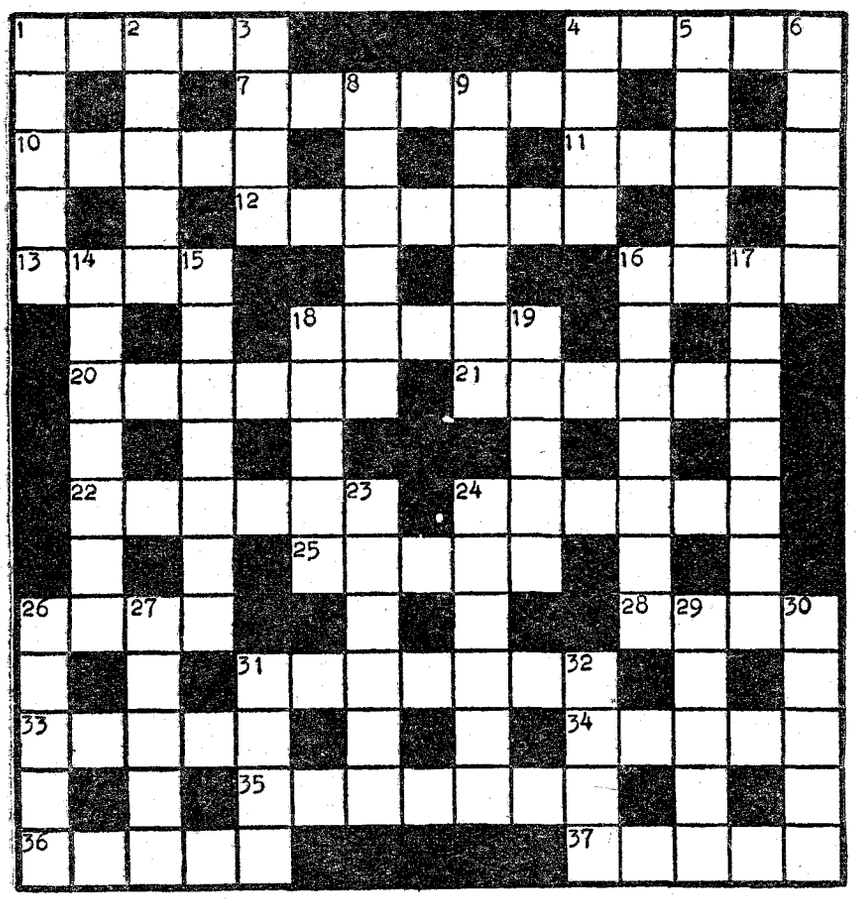
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 35

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 An excellent drink if taken in the right spirit
4 If such a marriage began differently it might bring tears to the eyes
7 More than one result in property
10 It keeps bows from slipping
11 Day of musical comedy
12 What many election pledges are conjured out of, and ultimately vanish into (two words, 4 and 3)
13 Hurried in poetry
16 Put away in twos
18 "A stab of fiery pain"
20 In which the performers trip the light fantastic toe
21 Birthday-less?
22 No McTavish was ever this, according to Ogden Nash
24 One can't avoid class distinctions here
25 It naturally attracts all of us
26 A mere title
28 Run like a hare
31 They are something between men and horses
33 The Victorian novelist the reader never finished?
34 No great good fortune attends those who rub this
35 Sent Amy for a pardon
36 One special day here, but every day in South Africa
37 Riddle you can see through

DOWN

1 Used in wireless telegraphy
2 Everybody has it yet people pride themselves on having it
3 Landlords can usually raise it if tenants can't
4 Not sure, but as an employer is able to make sure
5 I do it in crazy fashion
6 Not feeling even so-so
8 "Silence that dreadful bell: it - - - - - - s the isle from her propriety" (Othello)
9 He got one across
14 Food for thought? Well, nourishment for the mind, anyway
15 Hand over, and they say life depends on the last part
16 Doubtless this bird often gets salt on its tail
17 Lie over
18 Tight either in the past, present or future
19 Make a mess of
23 Toughen
24 They want some getting over
26 His rod had wonderful powers
27 Not fit to doze in it
29 There's something in the seaside air! This, perhaps
30 Bird in a glee
31 Different kinds of beer upset this animal
32 Puts down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 34

ACROSS:—1 BLUEBOTTLE; 6 AMID; 10 LETTERS; 11 ATTIRES; 12 RUM START; 13 OWING; 15 NAHUM; 17 IN SILENCE; 19 MEDIATION; 21 RIVAL; 23 LICIT; 24 POSITIVE; 27 UNARMED; 28 ORGANON; 29 AMEN; 30 LEATHERING.

DOWN:—1 BALL; 2 UNTRUTH; 3 BREWS; 4 TOSCANINI; 5 LEAST; 7 MARMION; 8 DESIGNEDLY; 9 STROLLER; 14 ANIMALCULA; 16 MEAL TIME; 18 SAND-SPOUT; 20 DECLARE; 22 VIVENDI; 24 PADRE; 25 TOGUE; 26 SNUG.

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